Photo by C. Collier.

GRANNY.

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WHICH MAY I KEEP?"

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FROM.. THE... STALLS.

Photos by Hana.

CAIRNS JAMES.

He began his very successful career as a school-master—not the training one usually imagines for an actor. It was Mr. W. S. Gilbert who got him on to the stage in 1886, and since then he has played innumerable parts in all quarters of the globe. Mr. James is a busy man. Besides acting, he teaches elocution, preparing men for the Pulpit, Parliament, Bar, Stage, or any form of public speech.

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Photo by Caswall Smith.

LILIAN BIRCHAM.

A beautiful girl with large eyes, a charming voice, bright and vivacious. She has been at the Alhambra for five years, but is now at the Savoy. She's the most industrious little lady you ever came across, spending hours a day singing, dancing, and studying elocution. "Why, I get up at 7.30 every morning!" But life isn't all work, and Miss Bircham's great hobby is dress. She is also very fond of sweets and strawberries and cream. "But I *do* detest snakes and blackbeetles! Oh, and I must tell you a funny story. I did some embroidery once—a huge picture of Ruth going to the Well. This I settled to give away to the next of my friends who got married. What d'you think happened? Five girls who were going to get married broke off their engagements when they saw the wedding present I had in store for them!"

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Photo by R. Thomas.

ANNIE HUGHES.

Can you imagine this charming and stylishly-dressed lady in the *rôle* of a coster girl? And yet there was never a better one on the English Stage, which shows that besides being a beautiful woman she is a wonderful actress. Her chief passion is animals—especially dogs. "But as I live in a flat I have to content myself with a little rat. He came from the desert of Gobi, and looks like an Egyptian mummy, don't you think?" He does, indeed! I have seen him and marvel at his mistress' affection.

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GRACE LANE.

She made a distinct hit as Babbie in J. M. Barrie's "The Little Minister," and is quite bewitchingly clever and lovely as Mary Carlyle in "Monsieur Beaucaire." She tells an amusing yarn with regard to "The Little Minister." After a performance at the Stoke Newington Theatre the manager introduced a gentleman to her whose name she did not catch. She took him for a newspaper man. He didn't seem to have much to say, so she began: "Don't you think 'The Little Minister' a charming play?" Yes, he thought it very interesting. "Have you ever seen it before?" she went on. "Oh, yes," replied the "newspaper man," whose name was J. M. Barrie, "and—er—I have an idea I wrote it!"

Photo by Fellowes Willson.

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Photo by Hana.

FRED STOREY.

Actor, Dancer, Singer, and Scene Painter—Mr. Fred Storey is indeed a busy man! There are few things in his profession he cannot turn his hand to Once when the lady who was playing the part of an elderly schoolmistress fell ill, Mr. Storey volunteered to take her part. The manager was doubtful; but Mr. Storey promised to be good. Consequence—a huge success for the schoolmistress.

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Photo by Fellowes Willson.

MILDA JEFFRIES.

She is a younger sister of Miss Ellis Jeffries, and it was not very long ago when she made her first curtsey to an audience in "The French Maid." She was recently understudying Miss Edna May, and appeared for a little while in the part of Edna Branscombe, the most demure of "The Three Little Maids"—a part that suited her to perfection. She is quite a young girl, quiet and sedate, with pretty brown hair and delicate features.

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THE LECTURE

A Further Episode in the Idle and Good-for-Nothing Life of Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

By Charles James.

Sauntering, one morning, in the outskirts of Brighton, Mr. Alfred Dimmock noticed a brass plate affixed to the garden railings of a large, square-looking house. On the plate was the inscription:

ST. WINIFRED'S COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

He gazed at it mechanically for a moment, then crossed the road, idly wondering what he should do with himself that day; and so pondering, he almost ran into the arms of a young man, whose mild expression, long black coat, and gold-rimmed spectacles at once suggested something in the scholastic line to Mr. Dimmock's quick eye. The spectacled man was peering at the gates of all the houses he passed when the collision occurred.

"I beg pardon, sir. Er—could you tell me—er—which is St. Winifred's College? I—er—am quite a stranger in the neighbourhood, and unfortunately I am somewhat late already. I have to lecture there."

Mr. Dimmock took in the situation at a glance.

"Oh, you are the new lecturer at St. Winifred's? How strange that I should happen to meet you! I am charged with a message from our excellent lady principal ——"

"From Miss Tibbetts?"

"From Miss Tibbetts, to ask you kindly to postpone your lecture to-day, Mr.—Mr.—— So sorry the name has slipped my memory."

"Dourfield. Allow me to hand you my card," said the young man, nervously producing a leather case.

"Thank you. Yes, if you would kindly deliver your interesting lecture on—on——"

"On English Literature and Social Conditions in the present century," chimed in Mr. Dourfield.

"Ah, yes—at, say, two o'clock to-day, instead of this morning, Miss Tibbetts would feel obliged. I take it this is your first lecture there?"

"Yes. I have only just been engaged at St. Winifred's."

"At two, then," cried Mr. Dimmock, preparing to retrace his steps. "The college is only a few houses down and across the way. Good day, sir."

Five minutes later, he was standing in the awe-inspiring presence of Miss Elizabeth Tibbetts, in the well, but severely furnished drawing-room of St. Winifred's College.

With a courtly bow, Mr. Dimmock opened fire.

"I trust, dear Madam, that it will cause you no inconvenience if I take the place of our good friend, Mr. Dourfield, for this occasion, and lecture to your pupils in his stead. The fact is, he has been specially commanded to Buckingham Palace as an expert on social problems, to give his opinion as to whether a King, wearing his crown, should raise it to any female acquaintance he should happen to meet, just as an ordinary individual does his hat. So he—Mr. Dourfield, not the King—has sent

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With a courtly bow Mr. Dimmock opened fire.

me as his substitute. If quite convenient to you, I should like to deliver my lecture as soon as possible, as I have an appointment at Lambeth with the Archbishop of Canterbury early in the afternoon."

Miss Tibbetts was vastly impressed.

"Certainly Mr.—Mr.——?"

"Allow me to hand you my card," he said, presenting the one which he had just received from the real Mr. Dourfield. "Dourfield—same name as the other cha—professor—cousins, you know—we both married brothers-in-law—sisters, I mean——"

"Oh! And in the course of your lectures shall you touch upon moral science, and ——"

"Moral science, my dear lady, is all immoral—more or less—and so I never trench upon the subject. Ah, believe me, there is nothing so terrestrially improbable as the mathematically unattainable, nor more unattainable than the utterly impossible. You follow me?"

"I—I think so," weakly answered Miss Tibbetts.

"Yes, you may take it that no science is so logically exact as the one which is absolutely perfect, nor can you make the other the fulcrum on which the axis of the first revolves. And it is only in dealing with the second proposition that we learn to thoroughly appreciate the strategical importance of the first. I trust I make myself clear?"

With a murmured "Oh, perfectly" the good woman, her head already aching from the strenuous endeavour to keep pace with her visitor's incomprehensible speech, made a move towards the class-room. She threw open the door, and Mr. Dimmock was ushered into a long room, fitted with the usual school desks and metal inkpots. Some forty girls were seated in tiers, evidently awaiting the new lecturer. At Dimmock's entrance they all rose.

"Young ladies," said Miss Tibbetts, by way of introduction, "this is Professor Dourfield. I must beg you to give his lecture your closest attention. The subject is one which should deeply interest us all."

Mr. Dimmock bowed, and whilst Miss Tibbetts took her place in the front row, he advanced to a small table on which stood the regulation glass of water, coughed slightly, and began—

"The subject of our discourse to-day is 'English Literature and Social Conditions in the present century.' Those concluding words 'the present century,' shut out our old friend, the late Shakespeare from discussion, a circumstance at which most of you will probably rejoice. W. S. was a truly great rhyme-slinger, but—well, you *may* have too much even of a good thing."

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The speaker paused to watch the effect of his words upon the audience. There was a somewhat surprised look on most of the faces confronting him, as he resumed—

"But let us not grieve over the exclusion of the Divine Bill—ahem! William; we can afford to let his works slide for the present (for Shakespeare, you must admit, is a bit of a 'back number' now), while we briefly discuss the effect upon the rising generation of the *Daily*——"

At this juncture Miss Tibbetts, with an imploring gesture, rose hurriedly from her seat and, approaching the lecturer, whispered a few words in his ear.

Mr. Dimmock bowed politely, and then proceeded:

"At the suggestion of your excellent Principal, I propose to pass over the English literary portion of my lecture, and come at once to the social conditions under which we pass our more or less mottled existence. In other words, I will 'Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses,' a time-honoured, grey-whiskered chestnut—aphorism, I should say, and one in which much truth resides."

The lecturer here took a sip of cold water, but hastily replaced the glass with a smothered "Great Scot!" For, although a strictly moderate drinker, Mr. Dimmock always mentally labelled water "For outward application only."

"Ladies," he resumed, "I am sure that in all relations of life you are obedient to your teachers. From our earliest youth, those set in authority over us have instilled instincts of obedience into us all. The powers that be command; we obey. Now, all this is wrong, radically wrong. Obedience, believe me, young ladies, is a fetish, a Moloch to which we have been more or less sacrificed in the days of our giddy youth. You should never be obedient; it shows a want of originality."

Miss Tibbetts gasped. She sat up in an attitude of painful attention, looking as though she doubted whether she had heard aright.

"Yes, my young friends, doing as you are told betrays a slavish instinct; one which, however natural, we must struggle against. The General commands; the poor soldiers, machine-like, obey. Now, which is better, to be the commander, with his freedom, dash—and other forcible language; or the machine-made soldier? Those whom I address are hand-maids, home-made, and well-made. You must never become machine-made."

The speaker paused for a moment, and then said:

"Some of these days, in the dim, distant future, you will all have a husband—not one husband, but one apiece, I mean. It will then be your duty, as British matrons, to see that your husbands do not spend their evenings and money at their clubs. Your arts, your gentle wiles may all be tried on the wretch, in vain, in order to keep him at home; but take away his boots and you will triumph."

Miss Tibbetts gasped again; then, uncertainly and in somewhat tremulous tones, she murmured—

"Er—excuse me, Professor, but—er—would it be possible to omit this portion of your lecture, also? You see, I hardly think——" But with a gentle, patronising smile, Mr. Dimmock turned to her and said:

"Pray pardon me, dear lady; these are matters which the Archbishop is *so* desirous that I should impress upon the rising generation."

"O—oh," murmured the schoolmistress uncertainly, and she slowly slid back into her chair.

The lecturer nodded graciously in her direction, and resumed—

"And now to the reverse side of the medal. You yourselves will naturally wish to join a ladies' club. Why should 'mere man' monopolise the clubs? And what, after all, is the Carlton compared with the Empress, the Reform to the Pioneer? To achieve your object it will be primarily needful to extract the annual subscription out of the housekeeping money. Let me here present a few practical hints. Three days a week you must give your husband hashed mutton for dinner, followed by, say, a little Tutti Frutti—orange peel, cigar ends, banana skins minced fine, in fact anything light and wholesome, mixed in batter, will serve the purpose, and you will quickly find that the difference of cost between providing such simple meals as these, and paying for the ordinary heavy and indigestible dinner, will give you all you want."

At this daring flight of fancy Miss Tibbetts once more struggled to her feet to protest.

"My *dear* Professor, how can——"

"Ah, dear madam, I can but quote the Archbishop again in support. And if the Archbishop——"

"Ah, well, of course, if the Archbishop ——"

"Just so," broke in Mr. Dimmock with all the *sangfroid* in the world. "To resume," —he again picked up the tumbler, but suddenly recollecting its contents, quickly replaced it

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on the table with a slight shudder. "You may, roughly speakly, divide husbands into three classes:

"(1) The common or garden husband—suburban villa—town by the 9.30—home at six—cold mutton and pickles—slippers and pipe—bed at ten.

"(2) The piebald variety—rise at mid-day—no lunch—fiver on a gee-gee—dine at Club—arrive home with the milk in the morning. And finally there is:

"(3) The fat, rich, elderly—something in the City—broad expanse of waistcoat and watchchain—carriage and pair—houseboat at Henley.

"Now, you should always aim first, my young friends, at the number three class, and it is only in the event of your missing fire that you should fall back upon the number one variety; never accept anyone of the number two sort except under the severest provocation; such, for instance, as your worst rival getting engaged, or your own wrinkles becoming so pronounced that you can no longer pass for forty-two, even with a shaded lamp to help the illusion.

"And lastly, my dear young ladies, let me again impress upon you the necessity of asserting yourselves, and establishing your independence. By firmly, though courteously replying 'I won't!' when your revered teachers tell you to do anything which happens to be distasteful, you will go far in forming your own characters and fitting yourselves for the battle of life in which you will, sooner or later, all be engaged."

Once more Miss Tibbetts, mystified, vexed and angry, rose to her feet as though to intervene. But the lecturer was too quick for her. Speaking rapidly, though clearly, he resumed:

"And now, young ladies, I will give you these few parting words of advice. Do as little work as possible. Be gentle with your teachers and those set in authority over you, but be perfectly *firm*—never give way. Study the true inwardness of the lessons I have endeavoured to inculcate. You will have plenty of leisure between now and—and the next time *I* appear here."

And with a sweeping bow, Mr. Alfred Dimmock walked in the direction of the door. Just as he reached it, a stout gentleman with a pallid face, long dank hair and watery blue eyes, rose from a chair and confronted him.

Dimmock at once grasped him by the hand.

"Ah! so glad to see you, so glad to see you!" he exclaimed cordially. "You are——"

"I am der Brofessor of Cherman und museek—Brofessor von Sossinghaus. I haf listened to your legture, but I am pussled to know der meaning of——"

"Ah, you mustn't press me too closely, Professor von Sausageskin—Sossinghaus, I mean. What says the bard?—'When——'"

"*Ach!* vell, I know not vot says der bard, but I would pud a question or two——"

"My dear Professor," broke in Dimmock, edging towards the door and talking so rapidly that his hearer had some difficulty in following his words, "if I were to speak to you with the tongues of angels, with the wisdom of the serpent, or with the aid of a ship's foghorn, and tell you of dynamics and the differential calculus, of Babylonic cuneiform, of the variations of the fauna and flora of a bygone and long forgotten age in which neither you, nor I, nor the other fellow, had any part or parcel, you are such an impossible old ass that I fear you would entirely fail to grasp the occultism which lies hidden in the germs of a bacillus as deep as the nether millstone, as high as the Antilles, and as fathomless as the clouds of the vast empyrean."

Again the Professor, pushing his dank hair back from his forehead, tried to speak, but Dimmock had worked his way out into the hall now, and was endeavouring to find his hat. The Professor, however, hung on, and Miss Tibbetts had also come out of the classroom to ask for an explanation. That lady was so dumfounded at the extraordinary tone of the lecture, that she almost doubted the evidence of her own senses.

"Would you gindly egsplain vot vos der meaning——"

"Another day, Professor, another day, I should be most happy. What do we learn from Aristophanes? You remember the Frogs of Aristophanes?"

"*Ach*, I know nod der frogs of anywhere; but shoost bermit me to pud a question——"

"Ah, Professor, now you're changing the subject! *What*, I ask you, do we learn from Aristophanes?"

"*Ach!*"

"Just so; you have hit it exactly, my dear sir. You and I think alike; I can see that. And now I must be off to deliver another lecture."

"Anozzer legture! *Gracious*, but I——"

"Yes, another lecture," rattled on Dimmock, getting nearer still to the door.

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"My life is a hard one; fourteen lectures a day. I must again go forth—possibly even fifth; but you can weep with me, Professor, weep with me."

"Veep! Yes, I can veep, id is true; but vot vos der meaning of your saying——"

"So sorry I can't stop to answer that question now. To a man like you, Professor—a man like a chimpanzee—a chim pansy-flower, I mean—for beauty of intellect and the capacity for absorbing sauer-kraut, what do these trifles matter? What does anything matter? What do *you* matter?"

He snatched up his hat, but as he hurriedly opened the door he was confronted by no less a person than his acquaintance of the morning, the real Dourfield himself.

"Oh, Mr. Dourfield, I am so glad you are here!" exclaimed Miss Tibbetts. "We have just listened to an astounding address from your cousin——"

"I beg pardon, my dear madam, my what?"

"Your cousin—

"Tnis gentleman is no cousin of mine; he is a perfect stra——"

"Now, my dear boy, don't be silly," broke in Mr. Dimmock, seizing him familiarly by the arm. "Remember to whom you are speaking, and try and suppress that awful inclination of yours to practical joking."

"Practical joking, sir!" exclaimed the astonished young man, aghast, "I—why I never thought of such a thing in my life! And as to you being my cousin——"

"Cousin by marriage, I mean. Two brothers married two brothers-in-law, as I explained before, you know. But there, I really haven't time to go into the matter now. By the way, did you notice anyone resembling the Archbishop of Canterbury loafing about outside, waiting for me—chap in gaiters and a shovel hat? No? Ah, well, I must go, anyhow. Good-day, *good*-day, my dear madam. Professor, *auf weidersehn!* I'll bring you a volume containing all the witticisms of Confucius, all the side-splitting humour of Swedenborg, all the jokes and jottings of Josephus and all the winners at Sandown—next time I give a lecture at St. Winifred's. Farewell!"

[Next month Mr. Charles James relates how Mr. Alfred Dimmock wins a bet from his Uncle, Sir Alfred Dimmock.]

Once more Miss Tibbetts, mystified, vexed, and angry, rose to her feet.

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How to Work and be Healthy.

With some Remarks on "Deskitis," a very prevalent but little studied Complaint which the Man who works all Day at his Desk is liable to suffer from.

By Margaret Heriot Hallam.

The man who thinks he is ill when he is merely headachy and out of sorts through want of exercise is to be pitied.

There is no one on the face of the earth more to be envied than the man or woman who habitually feels fit. If there is one class on earth to whom perfect health is more essential than any other it is the class composed of working men and women—and by working men and women I don't mean the actual heavers of wood and drawers of water, but those who earn their living chiefly in offices and houses of business.

How many of the thousands who toil daily in our great cities could own to even feeling thoroughly fit? They are usually more or less off colour, more or less headachy and used up, go to bed tired, and get up, if anything, more tired than when they went to bed. They are always conscious of having a body to drag about—a very lamentable state of things!

"If you'd got ten thousand a year, or even half that sum, you would always be well, would you not?" Well, I very much doubt it. People go the wrong way to work and put down their ill-health to any cause but the right one. It is not work that kills, but the way one sets to work.

Smith feels very seedy. "Shan't go to a doctor," he exclaims; "I'll just borrow Brown's medical book."

So borrow Brown's medical book he does, and wades through pages of gruesome details, and is convinced that he possesses every symptom enumerated therein. He then endeavours to feel his pulse, and, as likely as not, can't find it, and decides that his last hour is at hand. If, however, after exhaustive search, he does succeed in discovering the similitude of a beat, he feels like Columbus discovering a new America; his heart palpitates very violently with excitement, and he at once attributes the fact to high fever.

So the victim smokes a thermometer for ten long minutes, takes it out to find it registering something sub-normal, and he grows unhappy till Brown suggests that he has been smoking the wrong end.

The tongue is studied, and so on, till the unlucky one decides that, life being no longer worth living, suicide is the best and simplest way to end the existence of pain and suffering which must be henceforth his.

Brown, however, suggests patent medicines, so our poor friend takes a dose of anything he can lay hands on, and grows—can it be wondered at?—rapidly worse.

Finally he consults Jones. Jones is wiser than Brown in that he leaves physic and medical books alone, although he suffers from aches and pains that he vaguely classifies as rheumatism or rheumatic gout. It is extraordinary what a number of ailments are classified under this head! But instead of going to the root of the matter and discovering what is really wrong, he carries a raw potato in his coat pocket, or sleeps with a chestnut beneath his pillow because Robinson does, and declares since he adopted the practice he has not had an ache worth mentioning.

Brown kicks at the potato, but finally buys a magnetic ring, advertised by its mere presence on the finger to cure all the ills the flesh is heir to. Magnetic fiddlesticks! All that he needs is a little magnetic common sense—common sense that in workaday world for workaday people is worth its weight in gold; and yet how conspicuous it is by its absence.

Many people would gasp with astonishment

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As a matter of fact, the heavy, dull feeling that so many people so often suffer from is simply due to lack of care in the details of life. The attitude of a clerk at a desk——

on being told that more than half their ailments arise from the way in which they do their work. Most City clerks are the victims of "deskitis," as we may call the general feeling of unfitness that comes from sitting at a desk. They spend hours daily perched on a high stool. They persistently choose the very edge, and curl their legs about the legs of the stool, round the shoulders well, contract the chest nicely, and if the nose is held about two inches off the ledger and the hand holds the pen in a cramped position their satisfaction is supreme.

What the state of the organs inside that weirdly contorted body resemble no tongue can tell. The lungs cannot do their work properly, that is certain, and as for the digestive arrangements, the less said about their condition the better.

A writing-table is capable of doing as much or even more harm than a desk, in that the spine is even more curved, having further to stoop, and the chest more contracted, while the set of the head grows to resemble that of a toy donkey, so that one longs to give it a gentle touch to set it wagging. The remedy is simple.

The height of the desk or writing-table should be adapted to the worker, and the seat so constructed as to give perfect support and to enable the writer to sit correctly while working, that is, with the chest thrown out, and the papers arranged at such an angle that the head need not be unnecessarily bent.

The victim of "deskitis," alas, not content with doubling himself up all day over his work, maltreats his body equally while at play, and scorches along with his nose on the handle-bars of his bicycle during the evening. What good any human being can derive from tearing along at express rate in such a position remains to be discovered! He has no time to admire the scenery through which he passes; indeed, his range of vision is limited to a few inches of dusty road, his one aim being, in fact, to quote the words of the song and toast: "I've done one hundred miles." It's almost as easy to ride a bicycle sitting upright and ten times as healthy.

Is it to be wondered at that this man is never really well and flies whenever possible to whiskies and sodas as a pick-me-up? Now, alcohol in his case is about as much good and has very much the same effect as a whip on a dead-beat horse. It gives the system a slight flip-up for the time being, leaving the victim in a more worn-out condition than he found himself before.

Constant head and eye troubles beset the

——or at a table, legs curled up, back rounded, chest in a state of collapse.

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A good motto for the present-day worker is: "Be rational in your exercise; don't scorch, for instance, when cycling."

average working man and woman. After suffering from perpetual headaches and impaired vision the unfortunate being goes to the nearest spectacle shop, has his eyes tested in a perfunctory sort of way and buys a pair of glasses, while usually his eyesight would be all right if he only did his work as it should be done and treated his eyes with respect at all times.

The perpetual head-hanging, against which I uttered a protest a little way back, does much to impair the vision by causing an undue rush of blood to the eyes. This position must, therefore, be strenuously avoided by those who wish to retain their sight.

It is not only work that affects the eyesight, either; it is as bad, or worse, during playtime. A man sits facing the light, reading the finest of fine print—and that, too, most indifferently printed. The light falls directly on his eyes; the paper is in shadow. Half obliterated though the print is, it seldom strikes our friend that it would be the simplest thing in the world to sit with his back to the window, so that the light falls on the paper.

Remember, eyesight once gone can rarely be reclaimed; and it is not only the eyes that suffer, but the brain, and, consequently, the nervous system becomes overstrained, and the victim of nerves cannot with truth proclaim that he finds life worth living!

Artificial lighting, again, is the source of much trouble. Nerves, headaches, strained eyes, would be almost unknown were it

The wrong and the right way of reading a book; let the light fall on the paper or book, your eyes being in the shade. It is extremely bad for the sight to sit with the light in the eyes.

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When reading underneath a lamp, be careful to sit always with your back to the light.

possible to do as the birds do and tuck our heads under our wings as daylight falls. But so far from this being possible, the English climate often makes it necessary to resort to artificial light even during the daytime ; and so careless are people in regard to their health that, as long as there is sufficient glare in the room, they are completely satisfied. From a flickering gas jet or unshaded electric lighted office they go home to an equally badly-lighted sitting-room.

The wise man concentrates his light so that it falls from above and behind on the work in hand ; note the difference of the two photographs on this page. In the one, the busy man is taking a well-earned rest with the shady light of a well-trimmed lamp concentrated so that it falls just on the required spot. Contrast this with the foolish virgin who is working in an office with the light all over the place, so to speak. Without doubt this same young woman will go home and attempt to read or sew by firelight. Such is life!

She used to be a good-tempered girl, and does not like to own to herself even that she is growing irritable; but then she never feels well. Would that someone would take her gently by the hand and tell her a few of the simplest of the rules of health!

Of course, it is easy enough to say sit erect, stand upright, etc., etc., but the victim of chronic "deskitis" will find this is easier said than done. Muscles that are not used slack off (small blame to them), and if called suddenly into use are apt to turn exceedingly crusty.

Therefore they must be gradually coaxed back into working order, and a few simple physical exercises are the best things I know of for effecting this; but the patient who would be cured *must* be in earnest and do the exercises regularly and thoroughly. The first step towards attaining a betterment of things is to expand the chest by breathing exercises, *i.e.*, take a long, deep breath through the nose, keeping the mouth tightly closed meantime, hold for a second, and expel the air with some degree of force.

Next do a few simple arm exercises; shoot the arms up straight from the shoulder and pull them down again, whirl the arms outwards and backwards a dozen times a day; lie on the floor and kick with each leg alternately; lie on the floor face downwards and raise the body, keeping it perfectly rigid, on to the palms of the hands and the toes.

There is an excellent exercise which

This girl is working at the typewriter with the light diffused all over the room instead of falling directly on the paper from behind her—a very bad custom.

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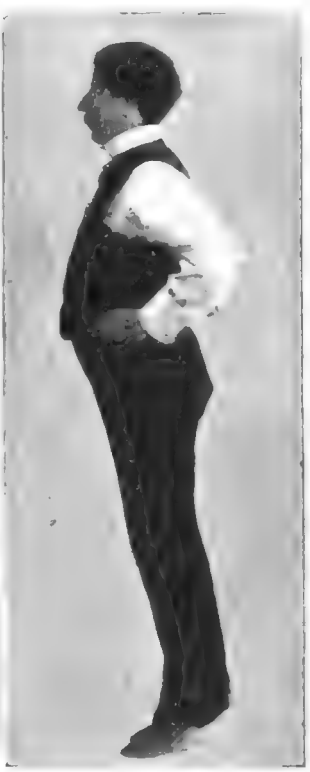
tightens up flabby muscles wonderfully and teaches the art of balancing at the same time. Stand fair and square in what may be described as the starting position for all standing exercises, that is, with the chest thrown out and the chin and waist held *well* in. Then press the hands against the hips, rise slowly on to the tips of the toes, and, keeping the body rigidly erect, sink slowly down into a squatting position, rest for one moment in this position *without* touching the heels with the body or letting them touch the ground, then, as slowly, rise to the first position again.

This exercise is especially valuable in that it strengthens the muscles in the lower part of the back, and also has a beneficial result on the internal organs.

For flattening the shoulders, and at the same time strengthening the upper part of the back, there is an exercise so apparently simple that it may seem almost superfluous to give photographs, but only follow out the instructions carefully and the shoulder muscles will *very* soon let you know they are there. Assume the "starting position"; place the arms across the chest, squaring the elbows and letting the knuckles touch, throw the arms as wide apart and as far back as possible, keeping these in a line with the shoulders. Do this exercise six times morning and evening.



An excellent exercise to strengthen flabby muscles and to tone up the system is that shown in these two photographs. Rise slowly on to the toes, with the hands on the hips, then sink as far as possible, afterwards rising again—also slowly.

As for the hang-dog expression that the "deskitis" afflicts its victim with, this is easily remedied by slowly letting the head sink backwards as far as it will go without strain and as slowly raising it erect again. Next look as far as possible over the left shoulder and then the right, turning the head, not the body, with slow, dignified movements. . All movements in fact must be *slow*, *even*, and *thorough*, *very thorough*. Jerky movements are useless; temper enthusiasm with common sense.

Do not go in violently for all sorts and conditions of exercises one day and then slack off indignantly for a week because the resentful muscles, indignant at being suddenly called upon to work, strike and revenge themselves by afflicting you with a most unholy stiffness. Begin gradually, coax the muscles gently, use them regularly and, above all, aid yourself and determine that you will always assume as healthful a position as possible, whether at work or at play.

In conclusion, remember that work in itself is a panacea for all sorts and conditions of ailments both of mind and body. The history of earth's earliest ages points to the fact that men and women are as assuredly meant to be workers as bees to be gatherers of honey. It has been said, and with some truth, that had horticultural opportunities been provided for Eve in the Garden of Eden she would not have had time to listen to the wiles of the serpent, and the history of race might have been different from what it is. Be that as it may, the busy woman has rarely time to get into mischief; she is seldom ill, provided, as before said, she does the work in a rational manner and does not use the stock of energy in a week which, if carefully husbanded, would

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have lasted a couple of months. She doesn't pick holes in the neighbours, or feel slighted because Mrs. Jackson invited her to a second best party or even passed her over altogether. She is never too busy to do a kindness to someone else. She reads and thinks more than the idle woman, simply because she has so much energy.

Above all, she makes an ideal wife, for she realises just what a man feels like at the end of the day, and, best of all, knows when to speak and when to keep silence.

The working man, too, is an all-round good sort as a rule, while the idle man is an unmitigated nuisance, and never has time to do anything. It is perfectly useless asking him to hang a picture or mend baby's mail-cart. For all practical purposes he might as well be kept in a glass case—a good plan when you come to think of it, for in that case he would be safely out of the way and unable to interfere in household matters, and thereby cause continual domestic hurricanes.

Other people's business has a peculiar fascination for the idle man; he is continually at war with his neighbours, whose cocks crow and dogs bark solely, he imagines, for the purpose of annoying him.

Workers have an immense advantage over idlers in that they alone appreciate to the full the luxury of occasional idleness, and to them a holiday is a holiday. Even half an hour in bed is an episode, and leaving off work an hour earlier a great event.

According to the words of an old rhyme "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but all play and no work makes him many degrees more uninteresting. Therefore, though there are days in the lives of every working man and woman when the daily toil is weariness to the flesh, that said weariness arises not from the actual work, but from some other most easily preventible little causes. Whenever an extra bad fit of the blues seems imminent, indulge in a series of physical exercises for some ten minutes at a time. The result will be marvellous; life will again seem worth living, and optimism will speedily show pessimism the front door.

A very excellent and very simple exercise for expanding the chest and strengthening the back. Bring the hands together across the chest, and then——

——throw them out to right and to their full extent, keeping them in a line with the shoulders.

There is no magic in this, for exercise quickens respiratory movements and stimulates the circulation, sending the blood bounding along to every crack and cranny of the system.

The brain receiving a fresh supply becomes clearer and able once more to assume the generalship of the body, the organs respond, and then all goes well.

The present craze for physical culture is not a new one, it is as old as humanity itself. In the beginning men got all the exercise needed in the mere act of building their huts and filling the family larder. As, however, civilisation advanced, various games and sports took the place of arduous labour, so preserving the standard of health and the physique of the nation.

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BILL'S BEST BELOVED.

By Hilda B. Morris.

IT was on the opening day of the little girls' kindergarten that Bill Lawrence first met his Best Beloved. That was not her real name, of course. Her real name was Dorothy Lucretia Patterson, but it was the name that Bill's uncle, Thomas Lawrence, bestowed upon her when he first heard of Bill's devotion.

Bill's younger sister, Althea Antoinette Lawrence, went to the kindergarten class, and when in the spring they had their annual Prize Day, Bill was forced into a despised best suit and a red necktie to go and hear his sister recite a poem about "Rover and I."

It is needless to tell how Bill fought against going. His mother was unconquerable. She insisted. It was necessary for the honour of the family that he be there. It did not matter that Bill had heard Althea recite "Rover and I" at home every day for the last three weeks. It did not matter that the other fellows scoffed at him for going to the girls' school. It did not matter that his time was valuable; that he had promised to help "Pirate Pete" build a den that very afternoon. It did not matter that his best knickerbockers were prickly, and that red neckties were disgraceful for men of his age, when tied in enormous bows that completely concealed the shirt front. Nothing mattered. Bill must go for the honour of the family, and Bill went.

He displayed but little interest when the curtain went up, disclosing a broad stage, and he felt positive disgust when three pig-tailed little maidens appeared and chanted a song about "Little Birdies." He turned his face away when another little girl lisped through a piece about "Old Mother Hubbard," and he began to make desperate plans for escape when Althea appeared with a captivating grin that displayed all the places where teeth should have been, and recited her idiocy.

Bill whispered a few pleading words in his mother's ear. She shook her head. Then Bill settled down into despondency, and the red kindergarten chair on which he sat, also into the prickly knickerbockers and the realisation of the red tie.

But with the next performer his mood changed. She was entirely different from all the rest. *She* did not have absurd pig-tails, nor a grin and vacant jaws. Neither did she recite a poem which had flowed from an idiot's pen. Her hair was curled in beautiful auburn curls; she looked earnestly at the audience instead of grinning. Her jaws were filled with little white teeth. Her recitation was not nonsensical.

Bill was charmed. It charmed him the more that she lisped a little, a very little. That was her only flaw in Bill's eyes, and it proved that she was human. She looked at him once or twice without a smile or pause. One other little girl had grinned idiotically at him.

Bill felt a thrill of genuine pleasure. He watched her bow gracefully and depart, with a feeling of regret. He resolved to see her again. All through the rest of that intolerable programme the thought that he had not come altogether in vain sustained him.

Tim Jones and Bobby Brown, *alias* "Pirate Pete," had lately become enamoured of certain fair young ladies, and boasted in Bill's presence. Bill allowed hopes to arise in his heart that perhaps he, too, might one day boast.

He saw the fair object of his desires trot down the aisle, and be met by her mother and a nurse-maid. Her mother patted her and smiled. The maid began to clothe her in a fawn-coloured coat and a pale green hood.

Bill watched his chance. The lady walked away and began to talk with some other ladies. Bill approached with a manly air.

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"What's your name?" he demanded of the little girl in rather a patronising air, his hands in his pockets and his feet spread far apart.

The little girl looked up in surprise. Even then she did not grin or blush. She simply replied: "Dorothy Lucrethia Patterthon." Then she smiled a charming little smile that revealed two little dimples, one in each cheek.

"Mine's William Preston Lawrence," he volunteered.

She smiled again, and said:

"Do you like sweets, William?"

Bill thrilled all over with delight. How fine to hear her call him William!

"Yes," he said.

She thrust a piece of sticky peppermint into his hand and smiled again, as her nurse led her off.

Bill yelled "Thanks!" after her, and stood looking rather rueful. He had meant to carry his courtship further than that.

Bill's devotion was all absorbing. On his way home he could think of nothing else. Dorothy Lucretia Patterson! It was a very long name. Bill thought it an important sounding name, and, of course, a beautiful name. Bill wondered why he had never fallen in love before. He had seen many other girls, more or less charming, but that strange devotion had never thrilled his heart till now.

Life holds many problems, for both young and old; but the young ponder most upon them, and so it was that Bill pondered and thrilled with delight at the new joy which had come to him.

At the supper table Bill's mother asked him a question. Bill, roused from his absent mood, replied in confusion: "Dorothy Lucretia Patterson."

Uncle Thomas roared. He thundered.

For Bill this was another problem. Uncle Thomas, who had flushed red and angry when Bill's mother had asked him a question about "those flowers he sent to Christine Elliott." Why, then, if it was a rage-provoking matter, should he laugh at mention of Bill's beloved's name? Bill, too, flushed red and angry as he put the question by to ponder on.

"Where does your fair one live, Willy?" asked Uncle Thomas cruelly.

Bill thought a moment. Uncle Thomas's words hurt him. He knew, now, how to hurt Uncle Thomas.

"Where does yours live? In Green Street?" he inquired politely.

Uncle Thomas saw that the tables were turned. Christine Elliott lived in Green Street.

Bill's father and mother championed him.

"That's right, Bill," his father said; "give him tit for tat."

But Uncle Thomas was on his feet again.

"Willy-boy," he said, "she does. I know how it feels to fall in love. Unburden your sad, love-stricken, over-laden heart to me. Perhaps I can assist you."

"Don't tease him, Tom," said Bill's mother. But Uncle Thomas did not heed.

He even taught them how to play pirates.

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He picked a bunch of pale Maréchal Niels.

"Stop calling me Willy-boy, an' I will." Bill caught himself. He had not meant to say he would.

"William, then. William, tell me the history of your love for Dorothy Lucretia Patterson."

Bill was fairly caught. He had said he would. He did not see the twinkle in Uncle Thomas's eye. Perhaps, after all, this one, who had had experience, might tell him how to act.

"Why," he began with some hesitation, "she recited this afternoon at the kinder-garden. An' she didn't grin. An' she told me her name, an' gave me a sweet. An' then her nurse took her home. What should I do next, Uncle Tom?"

"That's Dotty Patterson, Bill," said Althea. "She's coming to play with me to-morrow."

Bill silenced his sister with a look of unutterable scorn. *Dotty* indeed!

Thomas appeared to be pondering deeply.

"Well," he said, "I should escort her home to-morroy when she comes to call upon Althea. Then in about two days I should call, and present her with a box of flowers. I would call regularly every Wednesday and Saturday evening for about three weeks. Then I should ask for her hand. First, of course, you must see her father about it. Gain his permission, then hers."

"Don't tease him, Tom," said Bill's mother again. Tom was silenced. But Bill remembered it all. He resolved to carry out this plan of action to the letter.

The next day Dorothy came. Bill twisted out of an engagement with "Pirate Pete," and stayed in the nursery, much to Althea's wonderment. He played horse with them. He even taught them how to play pirates. He played doctor to their dolls. Never before had Bill spent so dull an afternoon, but the pleasure of escorting Dorothy home repaid him for it. To be sure, her nurse was there, but she walked behind. She was a well-behaved nurse. She did not interfere. William took great pleasure in giving Dorothy a stick of chocolate and watching her little mouth slowly darken to copper brown.

"Come again to see Althea?" he said, as he left her at the gate.

"You come yourthelf to thee me, William," she said to him, and smiled.

"I will," he shouted back.

Uncle Thomas had told him to call with the flowers in about two days. It was hard to wait so long. It was harder still to hear the remarks of Uncle Thomas about his Best Beloved. For one dreadful moment Bill actually feared that Uncle Thomas was deceiving him, but his fears were soon dispelled.

Bill was uncertain what kind of flowers to take her. There were dandelions in the orchard, but Bill did not like them. In his mother's conservatory there were lovely roses. Bill decided that they would do. He never thought to ask his mother's permission. He picked a bunch of pale Maréchal Niels. He placed them lovingly in a tin-soldier box, tied up with a beautiful white ribbon he had found in Althea's drawer. He neither knew nor cared that it was her best sash.

He went up the wide front walk of Dorothy's home with a rather scared feeling. Yet Bill was happy. For the first time in his life he really felt like a grown-up man.

He rang the bell with a flourish, and waited. Presently a man with a solemn face and a great many brass buttons swung the door open.

"Please, please" (Bill felt a little awed before this august personage), "I've come to call on Dorothy."

The man's stern face relaxed a little, and Bill heard a funny little noise. He wondered if this great man were really giggling.

"This way, please," said the man, and Bill followed him up the broad stairs and into the nursery. He was surprised to see two little boys on the floor by Dorothy's side. He had not known that she had brothers.

"Oh, William," she cried, "I'm glad you came. We're having thuch fun. We're building high houtheth out of thethe blockth."

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William removed his hat upon invitation.

"I brought you some flowers," he said, and he uncovered the box.

"Flowerth? How nithe!"

The other little boys glared jealously at Bill.

"They're lovely, William," she said. "Thank you. I will tell Phillith to put them in water."

Dorothy danced out of the room.

The little boys stared fixedly and suspiciously at Bill.

Bill grew exceedingly uncomfortable. Finally he spoke. He said to the largest boy:

"What's your name?"

"Teddy Cartwright. What's yours?"

Bill was stunned. Then one boy at least was not her brother. "William Preston Lawrence," he said. The boys stared with renewed vigour at the possessor of so dignified a name.

Bill grew fairly desperate.

"Are you Dorothy's brother?" he inquired of the youngest boy.

The boy grinned an insipid grin.

"No," he said. "I'm her sweetheart."

"You aren't!" said the older boy. "I am!"

"You're a story-teller!"

Dorothy entered the room and smiled at William. "I want William for my thweetheart now," she said. William cast a look of evil triumph at the other boys.

"I'll lick you after we get out," said the oldest boy to Bill in a whisper.

"I'll lick you!" growled Bill, and he did. In the garden behind the house Teddy Cartwright met his downfall.

Bill crept home with a bloody fist and torn clothes. He was sent directly to bed for taking the roses and Althea's sash. But Bill was happy. Nothing mattered when Cupid smiled at him. Every time he went Dorothy had two or three other boys there. But she preferred Bill. He had met no fewer than six of her followers in battle—and conquered.

Two weeks passed by, and Bill finally decided to ask her father at once. It would be a rather awesome proceeding, but—well, Billy would ask Dorothy first.

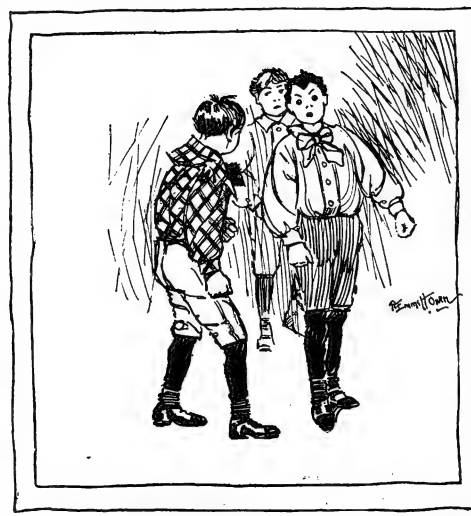
On this most eventful day Bill set out with many beatings of heart. He did hope that for once she would be alone; but no, there were three boys and two girls in the nursery. Dorothy knew such a lot of children.

Bill wriggled uncomfortably. How hard is that particular task that mankind must endure! Finally, he approached Dorothy and whispered it in her ear.

"Dorothy, will you marry me?"

He had expected instant acquiescence. But, alas! she looked at him coldly. "No, I won't. Algy White 'th my thweetheart now."

Bill crept back, stung to the quick. How could Dorothy be so cruel? Oh, he had been foolish ever to care for a girl, anyway. He took up his hat. "I'm going home," he said.



In the garden behind the house Teddy Cartwright met his downfall.

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"I don't care," she said cruelly.

Bill crept downstairs and went home.

She didn't care! He went to the barn and flung himself into the odorous hay in the barn-loft. He cried—cried as though his heart would break.

Bill went into the house and ate his supper silently. Far into the night he lay awake. His mother came in softly and kissed him—she thought he was asleep.

Bill started up.

"Mamma," he said.

"Why, Billy dear, are you crying?"

"Yes." Bill poured out the whole wretched story to his mother. It did not matter now. Mothers were nice to have.

On this most eventful day Bill set out with many beatings of heart.

It was comfortable to be a little boy.

She listened sympathetically; she did not laugh. Perhaps she was one who understands that childish sorrows, though brief, are more severe, and bite deeper into the tender, childish hearts than older people's misfortunes do into their hardened ones.

She stroked his forehead gently, and soothed him. She told him not to mind. She smoothed away the sorrow. She sat by his bed until he was almost asleep. Then:

"Mamma," he said sleepily, "can I be your sweetheart?"

"Yes, dear," she said, and stroked his hair until he fell asleep.

Would n't it!
"My kitty" - in a thoughtful way,
I heard this little goosie say,
Who comes just to my knee -
"She's heavy, but I love her so
I take her everywhere I go,
And often, often think, you know,
How nice 'twould be
If only she
Were big enough to carry
me!"

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AT SCHOOL UNDER THE SKY

The scholars of Hythe Board School, Southampton, studying marsh plants.
(By the courtesy of Mr. W. Ouseley.)

No. III.—THE STUDY OF PLANTS.

The third article of our series on Nature Study in Schools. It shows how the young people of to-day are being interested in flowers and plants. Expeditions are described, and many ingenious experiments in the schoolroom. On page 431 is the third Competition, which all boys and girls are invited to enter.

By Wilfred Mark Webb.

"Well, of all the dry-as-dust subjects, with, if possible, dryer specimens, give me botany!"

So, many of us, whose school-days are long over and passed, exclaim, when remembering the botany classes of our youth. We have vague and dreary recollections of an innumerable host of technical terms and classification details, things that did not appeal to us at all, to be crammed into the brain with infinite trouble and—speedily forgotten.

To-day, however, all this is changed. When the time for nature study comes round you will find the pupils in that state of mind which usually precedes a picnic. There are no unaccountable absences, no sudden and mysterious headaches. Every member of the class is present, and impatient for the lesson to begin. The lucky modern child need be in no fear of technical details. The study of plants means to him long expeditions full of interest and excitement, and the unravelling of fascinating stories. Even when botany is raised to the dignity of science, it is enlivened with many wonderful experiments.

As we pointed out in the first article of this series, the great thing in all teaching is to seize upon the child's imagination and enthusiasm. Once get him interested in anything, and he is bound, sooner or later, to master it. All subjects can be made matters of interest to the average child, if you only go about it in the right way. And the "right way," as we have seen, will, happily, soon become the only way.

So far as these novel methods of education are concerned, the Ruskin School at Heacham is certainly as far ahead as any other school in the Kingdom. There, the great majority of the lessons are carried on out of doors. For the fortunate Heacham children any place is a "class-room," and these "class-rooms," whenever possible, are chosen as being in keeping with the subject of the lesson. Thus, drawing is carried on in a garden full of plants and flowers, to be used as models; the lesson on Saxon life and customs is given near a Saxon earthwork; on the feudal system, among the ruins of a Norman castle; and on geology, in a quarry or at the foot of a cliff.

One is interested to know that the initiator

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Phot › by W. Coles.

The girls of St. Margaret's School, Bushey, who specialize on the "Mysies," a pet name for the interesting *Mycetozoa*, or slime fungi, at work in the museum.

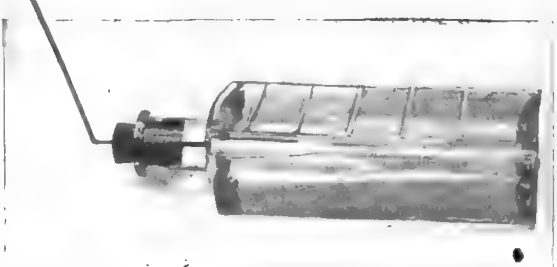
(By the courtesy of Miss Hibbert-Ware.)

and the other masters and mistresses of this unique school, make a special study of plant-lore. They consider it, and rightly so, the best mental training possible for boys and girls.

Children are happiest when up and doing, and flowers never appear to them so delightful as on those wonderful rambles which are coming every day more and more into vogue.

"To-morrow, weather permitting, the class will make a botanical expedition." So often runs the announcement in many schools, and the class is thrown at once into a fever of excited anticipation.

The morrow dawns. Many a white-robed little figure jumps out of bed long before it is time to get up, runs to the window and peers anxiously at the sky. It looks dull; but the children have been taught to observe the weather, and know that this is only an early mist which will soon clear off, leaving a perfect sky behind.



If you thrust a piece of young corn through a cork into a bottle filled with water and place the bottle horizontally the stalk will, in a short time, bend upward at a joint.

(Exhibited by the South Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, at the recent Nature Study Exhibition.)

School time arrives, and the master smiles grimly to himself. Was there ever such punctuality before? No one late, no one ill, no one unaccountably missing. All are there in the best of tempers and full of plans for the coming ramble.

Little preparation is needed. A few of the boys and girls have armed themselves with note-books and pencils—serious-minded and methodical little scholars these, who pride themselves on their nature diaries. The rest have collecting tins slung over their shoulders, for specimens have a habit of withering up if carried in the hot hand.

The main object of the ramble is to observe wild plants in their homes, but each expedition has its own peculiar aim. The children have also plenty of scope to gratify their individual tastes. One wishes to secure as many specimens of flowers as possible, another all the different kinds of grasses he can find, and a third those particular plants which exhibit certain marvellous habits.

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A start is made. Soon the high road is forsaken, and the children are scampering merrily across a wide green meadow, which leads to an expanse of heath and common where flowers of all kinds are known to abound. Here in the meadow "there is nothing much to be seen," you will say — "only buttercups and daisies."

Wait a moment! A halt is ordered, and the attention of the party is called to these familiar flowers.

Photo by W. T. Cresswell, F.R.H.S.

Elementary science lesson on plant physiology in the garden at Clifton Hampden School, Abingdon.

How do they grow?

"Among the grass," observes a wise youth, and a smile goes round; the answer does not seem to err on the side of subtlety. But the boy is quite right. They do grow among the grass. In fact, it is the chief rival they both have to face in their struggle for life. But do they fight it in the same way?

So the children are led on until they learn that the chief weapons of the plants are their leaves. By this time the party is examining flowers with eager curiosity. Daisies and buttercups are not such uninteresting things after all!

One child points out that the leaves of the daisy grow flat upon the ground, another that those of the buttercups are raised on long stalks, and are split as it were into many pieces.

"But what," it is asked, "would the grass do if it had all its own way?"

"Choke the flowers," comes the chorus of young voices.

"Yes; but how, then, do the leaves prevent this?"

After a pause a boy, sharper than the rest, shows how the leaves of the daisy, by lying flat and stiff on the ground, preserve a little plot for themselves upon which the grass cannot encroach. The buttercup, on the other hand, allows the blades to grow through the openings in its leaves.

Photo by Ingham and Sons, Sale.

The boys of Seamans Moss Endowed School collecting plants by the roadside.
(By the courtesy of the Cheshire Technical Instruction Committee.)

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Photo by Messrs. Ingham and Sons, Sale.

Ashley Church of England School collecting specimens round a pond.
(By the courtesy of the Cheshire Technical Instruction Committee.)

If there were no openings the wiry grass would push the leaves into an uncomfortable, bunched-up position, in which light and air would be difficult to obtain.

Off again! Presently two of the youngsters, in their eagerness to look into a bird's nest, get severely scratched by the prickles of a bramble bush, and this offers an opportunity to inquire into the subject of prickly plants generally.

"What are the prickles there for?"

"To protect birds' nests," suggests the funny boy for the amusement of his friends. This time the answer is not accepted, and a more serious pupil makes another attempt. "To protect the brambles," he says.

Even this is not quite satisfactory, and an examination of prickly plants follows. It is observed that the spikes of the thistle and the spines of the hawthorn are straight, those of the bramble and wild rose curve downwards. What is the reason for this? The children are left to investigate for themselves, and soon hit upon the truth. Hawthorn and thistle are independent plants; bramble and wild rose, on the contrary, are fond of clinging to their neighbours, and use their curved thorns for this purpose with excellent effect.

A pea, the grand-parents and parents of which were grown in water with the necessary food stuffs added by the girls at James Allens' School, Dulwich, and an oak tree which has flourished under similar conditions for several years.
(By the courtesy of Miss Lilian Clarke, B.Sc., Science Mistress.)

Still thinking of prickles the children crowd round a holly bush. With a little trouble some sprigs are detached from the upper branches. The contrast between the low-growing leaves, which the children are gingerly examining, and those from the top of the tree is extraordinary. The former are almost impossible to touch, so many and so sharp are their prickles; the latter are smooth all round, save at the point. Can anyone account for this? What, nobody? Then the boys learn with astonishment that the holly has taken the measure of its enemies, and has found that donkeys and cows cannot attack it at a greater height than four feet, or five at the most. It therefore renders the first few feet of its body practically invulnerable, but refuses to waste its strength in arming its upper leaves, which are, happily, out of harm's way.

So the ramble progresses, through wood and field, and

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across the common. The party come upon a patch of spotted orchids, on which the bees are busily at work. They are told to watch the bees as they go in and as they come out of the blossoms. For a time no one speaks. Then simultaneously there are three or four announcements that "my bee has got horns on its head."

It soon becomes evident that this quaint adornment is the direct result of entering the flower. The boys are then told to find a newly-opened orchid that does not look as though it were yet on the bees' visiting list. Then someone is bidden to insert the point of his pencil gently into the blossom. As he withdraws it, lo and behold! it too is seen to have the same appendages as those which adorned the bee. They are shaped like tiny Indian clubs and stand upright. But wait! First one little bludgeon, then the other bows down towards the pencil, and remains stationary in that position.

The children know something about fertilisation, so the explanation that follows is not difficult to make clear. The orchid, instead of scattering its pollen broadcast, bunches the grains together and plants them on the head of the visiting bee, who gradually rubs them off as he goes from flower to flower, thus carrying out the necessary fertilisation without any waste.

So the ramble continues, fresh points of interest being discovered, fresh experiments being tried, fresh knowledge being gained at every step by actual observation.

Specimens are gathered to be used for more formal lessons in school, or preserved and mounted.

An experiment to show that water is given off by leaves. You have merely to inclose the leaf of a plant, stuck in water, in a tube or bottle.
(Devised at Bigod's Hall.)

This latter is a duty which appeals, perhaps, to girls more than boys, but which teaches them all a very useful and necessary lesson in neatness and dexterity.

The apparatus required for pressing is simplicity itself. All you want is some unsized paper (old newspaper will do) two drawing-boards and two leathern straps.

The specimen is taken out of the tin, and the parts not required having been removed, it is laid flat on the paper. Between portions that overlap each other small pieces of paper are placed, and one must be careful to arrange pads so that the leaves will receive as much pressure, when the boards are strapped together, as the thick stalks. A second sheet of paper is laid on the plant, and the whole is then sandwiched and strapped between the boards.

Drying should be as rapid as possible, so as to prevent fermentation and consequent change of colour in leaf and flower. Hence it is wise to place some extra sheets of paper—well dried, if possible, in the sun—under and above those between which each specimen rests.

Boys of Cadoxton Board School examining seaweed on the seashore.
(By the courtesy of Mr. W. Ewbank.)

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The Girl's Blue School, Wells, collecting in the woods.
(By the courtesy of Miss Orme.)

Plants are mounted on sheets of paper or card, to which they are fastened either by means of thread passed through the sheet or by thin bands of paper stuck across the face of the specimen. Both methods fix the plant securely and permit of its easy removal.

What about the East End of London, you will say, where rambles are practically an impossibility? Well! nature study can be carried on in parks and open spaces, and even on vacant building lots, where enthusiastic children do much work in their own time. Besides, there are a lot of ways of studying living plants in school. A sprouting onion over a jar of water, or a more pretentious hyacinth, has a marvellous attraction for children who never see a green wood or a flowery hedge. Some of them may get as far as the borders of Epping Forest on a Bank Holiday, but their elders seldom take them further than some well-known house of entertainment.

Clay model made by a mentally defective child in the school of the Leicester Board.

In the school, however, you can get the scholars to see how the leaves of the onion expand and the flowers of the hyacinth open. Still no technical terms are required. When the water in the glass begins to disappear, some will wonder where it goes to; others knowing that flowers have to be kept in water will guess that the "roots drink it up."

It is easy now to pass over the borderland between nature study and science, and you may proceed to explain how the plant gets rid of water which it does not want.

This brings you to the process of evaporation—a subject difficult to describe in detail, but easily made clear with a little experimenting. You explain to a child that all the superfluous water in the plant evaporates through the pores in the leaves, just as the superfluous liquid in his own body is continually evaporating through the pores in the skin.

This is all very mystifying. The child sees neither the vapour nor the process of evaporation. So you take him to the window and get him to put his hand against the pane. Almost immediately the glass all round his hand is clouded with fine moisture. This, you point out, is the superfluous liquid which is being got rid of through the pores of his skin.

With a leaf it is much the same, and, in order to prove your words, you get a bottle, shut the leaf of a growing plant inside it, and very soon you are able to show the child how

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the moisture it gives off condenses on the sides and forms, in time, quite a little pool at the bottom of the bottle.

A friend of mine, a schoolmaster, whose great hobby is botany, told me the following little yarn. His son, a child of six or seven, who knew something about plants and their ways almost before he could speak, taught his father on one occasion a lesson in botanical truth-telling he is not likely to forget.

Usually, all the child's spare moments were given to play.

One day, however, his father, coming out into the garden, found him sitting motionless on the path, his eyes fixed with great earnestness on some sweet peas which had recently begun to sprout. Mr. — said nothing, but, wondering what the boy was up to, watched him curiously.

For a considerable time he remained in the same position, then, with a deep sigh and a lingering look at the sweet peas, got up and went into the house. Three or four times that day and the next he was found staring fixedly at the plants, and at length his father asked him what on earth he found in them so interesting to look at.

"I wanted to see them grow," replied the boy.

"But you can't do that," said his father.

"No, I can't, but you said I could. I heard you tell mother so. I think you've made a mistake."

An ingenious apparatus of the simplest construction to register the growth of a plant.
(Devised at the South Eastern Agricultural College, Wye.)

And Mr. — remembered remarking the day before to his wife that the sweet peas were doing marvellously. "You can really *see* them grow," he had said.

This was, no doubt, a permissible figure of speech, but the boy was quite right. You cannot exactly see a plant grow. With a little ingenuity, however, you can make an apparatus that will register its growth from hour to hour.

There is a photograph of this apparatus on this page. Run a knitting needle through an empty cotton reel. Fix the ends of the needle at right angles into two horizontal wooden supports. Then tie one end of a piece of cotton to the top of a plant placed between the support, and a few light weights to the other end. Hang the cotton over the reel, leaving the weights dangling in mid-air.

These weights will, of course, sink as the plant grows, and as they sink cause the reel to revolve.

If an indicator be fixed into the side of the reel one can then register the growth of the plant.

Well, with much still to say I fear I must close. Perhaps, however, I have said enough to convince all boys and girls who may read this article that there is no study in the world so fascinating and delightful as the study of plants—unless it be that of animals, of which I shall have much to tell you next month.

Another Interesting Competition for Boys and Girls.

Competitors are asked to observe the growth and blossoming of any March flowers and to take note of every fact that strikes them as interesting and instructive. Then a summary of their notes and observations must be written and forwarded to the Editor.

PARTICULARS.

The Competitors will be divided into three classes:

(1) Those Under the Age of Ten. (2) Those from Ten to Fifteen. (3) Those from Fifteen to Twenty.

Your account must not exceed 300 words in length.

Three Prizes of One Guinea each are offered in each class of Competitors for the best accounts sent in.

Competitors must write in a clear hand on one side of the paper only, and must inscribe his or her name and address, his or her age, also the name of his or her school, in the top left-hand corner of the first page.

All attempts must arrive at this office before April 3rd, and must be addressed to the Editor, The Royal Magazine, 17 and 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The word "Flowers" must be written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.

A Special Prize will be presented to the School which supplies the greatest number of Competitors in this Competition.

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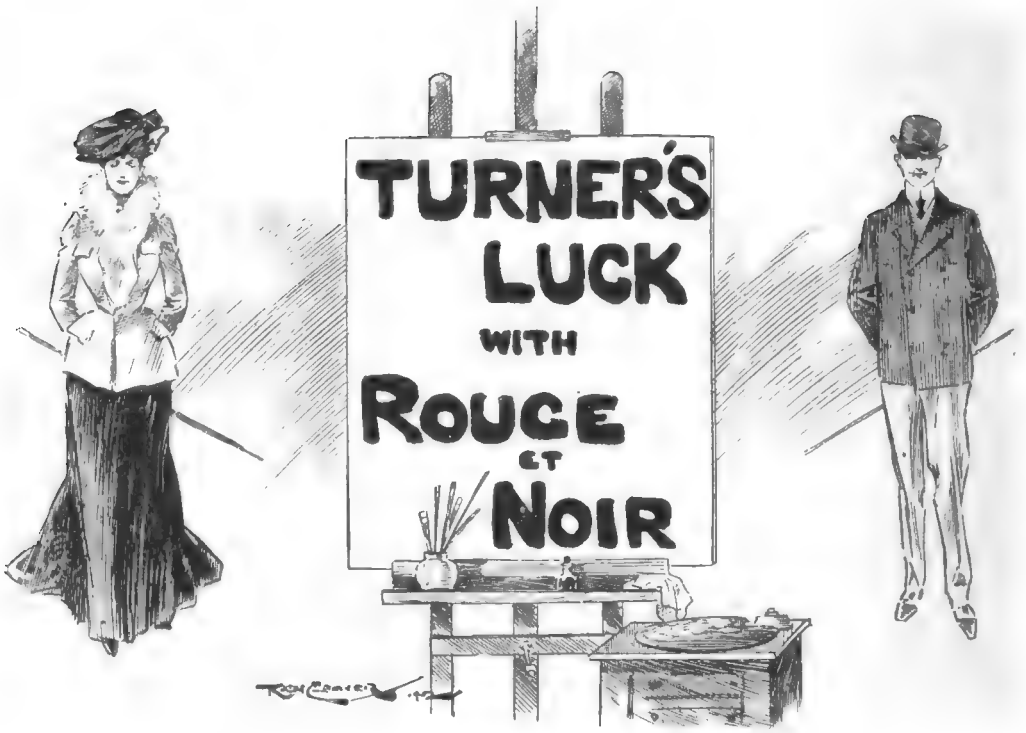

By William Hamilton Osborne.

I sat in a cosy corner, regaling myself at the expense of my last ten pound note. The handsome young man who had glanced uncertainly in my direction once or twice, now approached me.

"Well, Archie Foote—old Archibald!" he exclaimed, holding out both hands in an excess of joyful recognition. "Who'd have thought it? Where the deuce did you come from? And you haven't forgotten me, have you—Jack Desborough, of '98? You——"

"Jack Desborough?" I said musingly. "Jack Desborough, of '98? Oh, to be sure! Son of old Mr. and Mrs. Desborough, to be sure."

"Right you are, Archie," said he, delighted. "And you're the same old Archibald, the same old Foote of '98, just as much as you were, aren't you?"

"Exactly," I assented; "just as much—but no more," I thought fit to add.

So Jack Desborough sat down at my table, and ordered of the good things sufficient to make us both comfortable and happy.

And the funny part of it was that I did not know him, had never laid eyes on him before, and my name is not Archibald, nor yet Foote.

But then, after all, I really didn't care. I want to explain, if I can, in extenuation of subsequent events, just how I felt about it.

My name is John Turner; I am an artist; my individual fortune had dwindled to the sum stated in the opening sentence above.

It was all that was left of the proceeds of my last sale, made some months before. The season had closed, the summer had begun. I had given up my room, stored most of my effects, packed up my clothes and a few canvases, and then——

Then I had two alternatives; one was to stay in London and starve, the other to go down to a little hole in the country and rusticate and rust. I had an old aunt down there, and it was a possible thing to go there and stay all summer and paint a few pictures and set them up in stray frames for my board and lodging.

I had done it before, but the prospect was far from pleasing. It was healthy, but most awfully dull and wearing on the nerves.

However, I had ten pounds left, so I recklessly made up my mind that to-night I would eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow—oh, hang to-morrow!

So that's the way I felt. I didn't care

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And so, when Jack Desborough concluded that I was old Archie Foote, I determined that the mistake should interest him, and entertain me, and do nobody any harm, and what's the odds if it did?

So, drawing largely on the resources of my friend Desborough, we made quite a night of it, and at its close, obeying the same impulse that had guided me from the start, I found myself accepting his very cordial invitation to make his home my home until the morning.

"They're all down at our country place," he explained, "and I'm all alone here. So come. Why not?"

The place that I assumed Desborough's people would call their town house was all right—quite as it should be, and so I stayed, and Desborough and I sat upstairs at the open windows and smoked cigars and drank mild punch and exchanged reminiscences—and lies—until the wee sma' hours. We had a good old time of it, I tell you.

I found, upon rising next morning, that I had two pounds left, just about enough to take me where I didn't want to go, but there was no alternative.

I proceeded to dress. During the process my friend, Desborough, entered.

"Well, Foote," he said enthusiastically, "up already? By Jove, we had quite a time of it last night, considering! You——"

He stopped and looked at me rather uncertainly. I probably looked different by daylight—most people do.

I felt that the psychological moment had arrived. I nerved myself to it.

"Before I enter into details," I said with dignity, glancing at him coolly as I arranged my tie, "I want to tell you something. In the first place, my name is not Archibald, and it's not Foote. I am not Archie Foote, whoever he may be. If you get that into your head we shall understand each other better."

"Great Scott!" said he. "Not Archie Foote!" He came close and took a long and lingering look at me. "By Jove, you're right!" he said at last. "You're not Archie Foote after all. Well, then," he continued, with more surprise than indignation in his tone, "who the—who are you?"

"I was just about to tell you that," I said, with still more dignity.

I selected a card from my case and handed it over.

I watched with some interest to see what effect, if any, the name would have upon him. I didn't have to wait long.

"Graeme Vance!" he exclaimed, glancing from the card to me. "What, Graeme Vance, the fellow who painted 'The Tiger Woman' at last year's Academy—well!"

"Then you've heard of Graeme Vance?" I said, apprehensive that he might also have seen him—"of Graeme Vance and 'The Tiger Woman'?"

"Heard of them?" he said. "Well, I should say! And I've seen——"

"Not Vance?" I declared hastily.

"No, I never saw you before. I've seen 'The Tiger Woman.'"

"Incidentally mentioning," I continued, "what you thought of it when you did see it."

"Oh, what's the use?" he exclaimed. "As though accounts of you and your picture hadn't been in everybody's mouth, and in the columns of every newspaper for a month!"

Now, why I took it into my head to deceive my friend Desborough a second time I don't know, and then I didn't care. My idea at the time was that to escape such indignation as might be natural, I would dazzle him with a name that had become famous, and then leave him at once and for ever, with a pleasant flavour, as it were, in his mouth.

Half-an-hour after I had left, it would make absolutely no difference. He had heard of Vance—as who had not?—but John Turner! I might as well have told him my name was John Jones as John Turner.

I simply thought it was a quick, easy way out of the predicament—one I never was in before, nor have been in since.

"Now," I said, with some formality, "being completely attired, I propose to take my departure, having," I continued, "spent a very pleasant evening and a very restful night."

And I started.

"No, you don't, old chap," he said, "not till after breakfast. Rules of the house, you know."

"Look here," he said later, over the table. "You said you were going down into the country. Now I want to propose something to you. I asked you last night, as Archie Foote, to go down to our place for a time. Now I want to know, is it too much to ask you now as Mr. Graeme Vance, to do the same thing?

"Now, wait a minute," he said, as I was about to remonstrate. "The first question is, would you like to do it? If you wouldn't, that's one thing. Whether you ought to or not is a question easily disposed of; that you needn't consider at all.

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"And what's more," he continued, "at our place the governor's got the greatest collection of paintings—oil, water, mud, everything—the best for miles around—some of yours, too, I think. We'll want your opinion on all of them, and we've heard all about you, and read all about you, and if you *can* come down,' he concluded illogically, "you'll be conferring a great favour on me, and that's a fact."

I reasoned with myself, but to no purpose. There was adventure in this thing, and as I thought of my aunt and her place, the contrast disposed of me in a jiffy.

"I'll go down with you on one condition," I said, "and that is that you'll forget that I am Vance, the painter."

"I don't care who the blazes you are. You're a good fellow, and you're all right. Only," he said, leaning over confidentially, "don't tell everyone I only met you last night. And you're coming, aren't you?"

"Very well," I said.

Very well! Was it very well? I didn't know, and I didn't care.

"Great Scott!" I said to my youthful companion, as we stood on the platform of a neat little country station, "what a magnificent bit of colour! What a fine study in red and black! What a picture that would make, Desborough!"

Young Desborough's glance followed mine, and fastened on a magnificent specimen of a girl, with black eyes and black hair, and a red jacket, on a high red dog-cart, driving a spirited, coal-black horse.

The effect was more than striking—it was superb.

"Why," said Desborough, "it's Katherine. You're right, she is a stunner."

He sprang to her side as she drew up and spoke a few words in her ear. She started, apparently with pleased surprise, and glanced graciously in my direction.

"I am quite unprepared, Mr. Vance," she said, as she drove me home, "to find the creator of 'The Tiger Woman' with so much buoyancy of nature and cheerfulness of countenance. If I understood her in your picture, she would hardly produce that effect."

"I am not admitting, Miss Desborough," I said, "that I have had any experience with her. Still, if I had had, the air and—surroundings here in time would have their effect. It might take some time, I concede."

"As bad as that!" murmured Miss Desborough. "Well!"

We drew up before a fine large, new, typical country place. Desborough awaited us.

"I took a short cut," he explained, "you came round."

As we stood in the hall, I heard him telling his mother excitedly that he had brought Vance, his friend Vance, the great Vance, out to see them.

"Turner," I informed myself, "you ought to be tarred and feathered for this," and, in fact, the pleasanter and more delightful my surroundings, the more uncomfortable I became.

After dinner I made an extended tour, personally conducted by Miss Desborough, for the obvious purpose of criticising pictures.

In the middle of the wall in a large room there hung a big, showy canvas—a scene in Venice, a study in buff and white and blue; water, and marble buildings, and all that sort of thing—the kind that really catches the eye and makes an immediate impression.

"This one father likes best of all, Mr. Vance. That is to say, except those two little things of yours over there."

"Oh, of course," I interrupted, "undoubtedly."

"And we all think it very fine. It's new—he bought it only a few months ago. See, it's by a man named Turner—John Turner. Perhaps you know him. And what do you think of it—we want your candid opinion?"

I secretly extracted from my pocket my two pound note—it was the last of the money the dealer had paid me for that picture, and I solemnly winked upon it. Having thus exchanged confidences with my present capital, I turned to Miss Desborough.

"The picture," I said authoritatively, "appears to me to be superbly executed. The detail is remarkably correct, the treatment very effective. There is a dash and spirit about it"—imagine dash and spirit in a Venetian picture!—"that is delightful and refreshing. The picture, indeed, is surpassed by few of its kind. In fact, I have always especially admired this one of Turner's. But, then, all his work is uniformly good, you know. Your father, Miss Desborough," I continued, "has secured not only a gem, but, I may say, a masterpiece. It is, indeed, perfection itself."

"Oh, Mr. Vance, if father could hear you! He will be so pleased, for he admires it so. And he paid so much for it!"

"Incidentally mentioning," I said, with the eccentricity of genius, "how much?"

She mentioned the price. Confound that

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rascally dealer! He had sold my picture for three times what he had paid me for it!

My review of the other pictures was not so satisfactory. There didn't happen to be any more of mine there.

But the one that was there, that "Scene in Venice," took my fancy very, very much.

I thought to myself that night as I pondered on the guilt that lay upon my soul: "Turner, you old reprobate, if you could only have foreseen all this—if you had only known—you might have come up here *as* Turner and been welcome, doubly welcome, in your true character.

"What an ass you were for taking the first false step! Had you appeared *as* Turner, your acquaintance here might, could, would, and should continue indefinitely.

"As it is, Monday morning ends it all, and you will never see these people again, neither Mr. Desborough nor Mrs. Desborough, nor Jack Desborough nor Miss Desborough."

There was considerable discussion, Monday morning, as to whether I should leave. I said yes. They said no.

They told me I could stay there and paint if I wanted to, or do anything else, and, above all, make myself entirely at home.

I firmly said I must go. My firmness is one of my strong points.

"However," I said finally, after thinking it all over, "I will do this with you." For I had a sudden idea—almost an inspiration. "If Miss Katherine will let me paint her in that red jacket, on the red dog-cart, with the black horse, with her black hair, and"—I hesitated—"her red cheeks. If I can do *that*, I'll stay."

I said it with the air of a man making concessions.

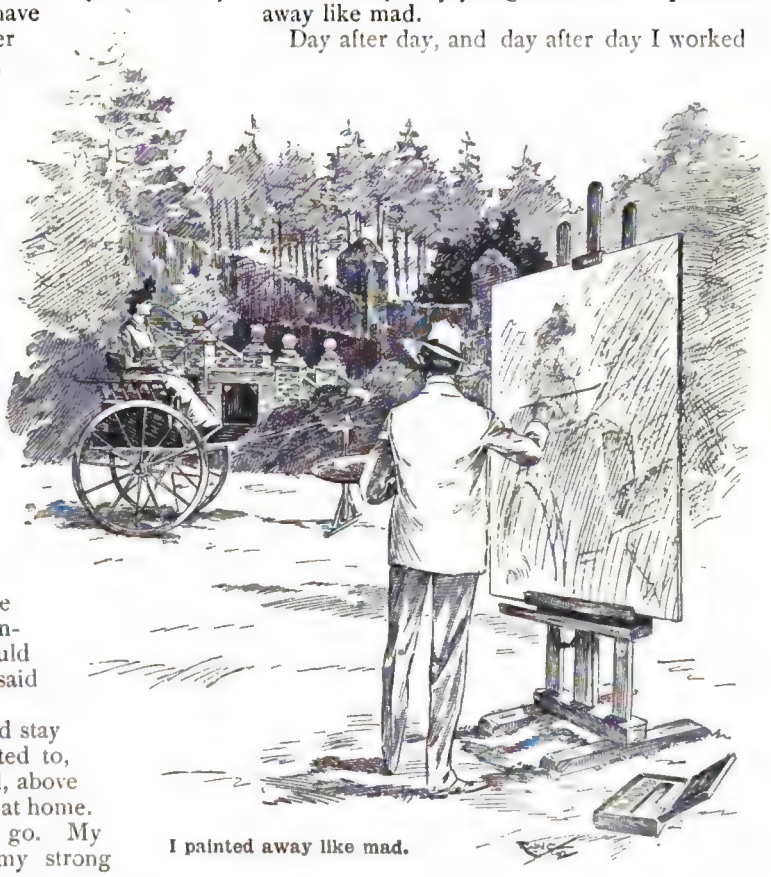
Would they let me? Well, the idea took by storm, they were so pleased.

"Desborough," I said kindly, "if you will wire to town for the few large canvases, we will call it a go."

He did, and up they came, at some considerable expense to him doubtless; but I thought it better not to inquire too closely into the matter. There is nothing like being reserved.

Well, we propped up the dog-cart out on the lawn behind the house, and there, with Miss Desborough in the red jacket on the seat, and I with a very large canvas in front of me—I always enjoy large canvases—I painted away like mad.

Day after day, and day after day I worked at the picture, not all day, of course, nor every day, but enough.



I painted away like mad.

"You asked me once," I remarked, "if I knew Turner, the fellow that painted that scene in Venice. I do."

"Do you?" said Miss Katherine. "Do you know him well?"

"I don't know," I said doubtfully. "I've seen more of him than most people, and yet Turner has always puzzled me."

"That's funny," she remarked, "that's just what the Sloan girls always said. They——"

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"The Sloan girls," I interrupted. "Do you mean to tell me that you know the Sloan girls? What, of Harley Street? You know them?"

"And do you know them, too?" she exclaimed. "Well, we're getting along famously, aren't we? I had no idea you knew them. Now I'll tell you what they say about John Turner. They know him, you know. They've always known him, it seems, and they think a great deal of him; but——"

"Let me hear what they say," said I, pausing with brush in hand.

"They say that this Turner is a perfectly fine fellow, and all that—they like him very much—but he never seems to have ambition; he doesn't seem to care about getting on. He does well enough, but not any too well."

"So that's what they say, is it?"

"Yes; but you must never tell Mr. Turner about this; and they say that Turner ought to settle down and confine himself to one particular line. One day he'll paint a landscape, the next a flower picture, and so on. He doesn't seem to care much about anything. And I have read that nowadays, if a man wants to succeed, he ought to confine himself to one line, and work at it until he does it better than anybody else. Now, for instance, you have always painted figures, Mr. Vance, and you've had pictures in the Academy."

"So has Turner," I interrupted, somewhat nettled.

"Yes, but nobody thought much of his work; and they say," she continued, "that if John Turner only had some definite object in life, he could do wonders. At least, so they say."

And I verily believe she spoke the truth.

"And you say you would like to meet this man Turner?" I remarked, continuing my work. "To give him that object, I assume. Turner would be indeed fortunate. And, beyond that, it would be delightful if ultimately you could sacrifice yourself for art and —Turner!"

"Aren't you getting rather personal?" she said.

And I found that I had not quite sufficient colour in the face on the canvas.

"No more than you," I retorted. "Suppose we call this picture 'The Sacrifice to Art,' and be done with it."

"Or to Turner," said she.

"Hang Turner!" I exclaimed. "We've had enough of him."

A few days after the picture was finished I accompanied the Desboroughs willingly and unwillingly both, down the road about a mile to Bluett's, the banker's, whose family were giving a gorgeous outdoor *fête*.

I met Clarence Smith there. I took him on one side.

"Hello, Smith!" I said.

"Why, Turner," he said, "how did you get here? By the way," he added, "your friend Vance is here. Have you seen him?"

I smiled grimly. My friend Desborough had taken care to spread the report—the thing I was trying to avoid.

"No," I said, "I haven't, but I heard he was here myself."

"Oh, yes, he's here," continued Smith. "I saw him myself a little while ago."

"The dickens you did!" I exclaimed, as I dashed away, leaving Smith bewildered behind me.

I made quick time, canvassing that lawn from one end to the other, looking for Vance.

And Great Scott! Just as I had given up the search I saw a fellow with Vance in tow taking him leisurely over to a tree where stood Miss Desborough and a lot of girls.

I sprinted for Vance.

"Vance," I said, out of breath, "I want to see you just a minute. Excuse me."

I pulled some papers out of my pocket as though I had some real business with him. He excused himself to the other fellow, and followed me to a seat.

I told him all about it from beginning to end, just as I have told you. And Vance—well, it just tickled him to death.

He laughed and laughed and laughed. Best fellow in the world, Vance, even though he did paint the picture of the year.

"Well," he said, "you're a caution! But don't mind me. I'm going in any case. And I won't let them introduce me to another soul. Come on. Walk out this way. And for Heaven's sake, tell me some more about it."

It was the first time I had felt comfortable for weeks.

"Vance," I said, "do you mind taking this path through the fields? I want you to do something for me. I want your opinion on a little thing I've been doing, and we've got to look at it before these people get back, otherwise there'll be no end of a mix up."

"John Turner," said Vance, as we stood before that picture at the Desborough house —I mean the picture of Miss Katherine— "John Turner," he said earnestly, with his hand on my shoulder, "this is the real thing.

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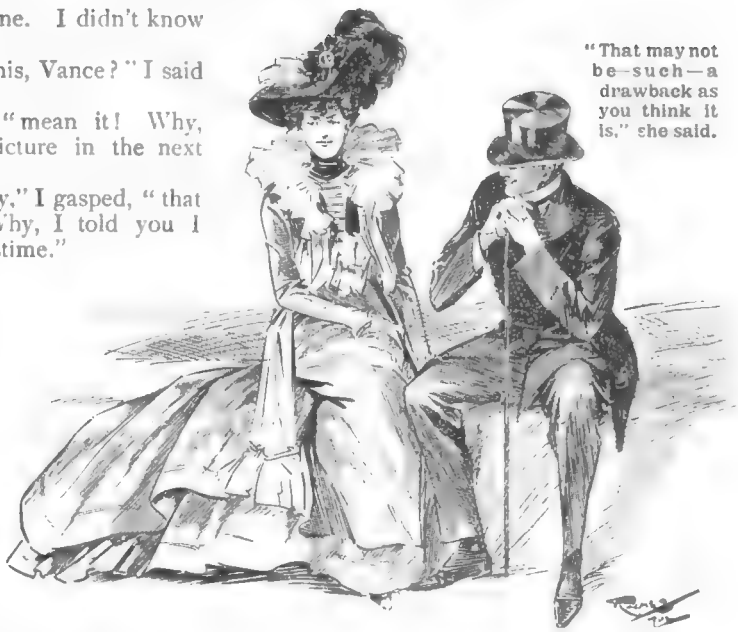
This is the best you've done. I didn't know you had it in you."

"Do you really mean this, Vance?" I said in delighted amazement.

"Mean it," he said, "mean it! Why, man, there won't be a picture in the next Academy to beat this!"

"You don't mean to say," I gasped, "that I can get this hung? Why, I told you I had only painted it for pastime."

"It was more than that, Turner. Let me tell you something, once and for all. I've seen all your pictures, right along, and all of them lacked one necessary ingredient. This one's got it. When you painted this picture, John Turner, for the first time in your life you had real inspiration—inspiration is the thing, don't forget it. You've painted this as though you really had an object in life; and you have never done so before."



"That may not be—such—a drawback as you think it is," she said.

I thought of what the Sloan girls had said.

Well, Vance, good fellow that he was, stood there and gave me a few hints, made me add a bit of colour here and shade it off there, and dress it up; and we had just time to get through when we saw the people coming up the road, so we hurried out the back way and down the lane, and I left Vance at the back gate.

* * * * *

"I am going to devote myself so closely to my profession," I said to Miss Desborough, as I was about to take the train, "that I do not propose to make any calls or to go anywhere. Until the next Academy you will not see me, much to your delight, doubtless; much to my regret. But I am going to work up something new, and it's going to take up all my spare time."

"Do you think they'll hang that picture of me in the dog-cart, Mr. Vance?" she asked.

"I hardly think so," I said. "It was done hastily, and my attention was more or less distracted. But there's one thing—the Academy is not far off. I shall be there. I want you to come. I'll send you tickets."

"If you'll promise to paint the picture of the year, I'll come with alacrity," she said.

"I forgot," she concluded, as my train pulled in. "What are you going to call my picture?"

"I think the best name for it," I said, "is 'The Newest Tiger Woman.'"

"Am I as bad as all that?" she said.

* * * * *

I found her in the ante-room. She was hastily scanning a catalogue.

"Mother's coming," she said. "I came first."

"Oh, what do you mean by this?" she added, in a disappointed tone. "You're a great man, but your picture's not the one people are talking about. What do you mean by it, Mr. Vance?"

"Do you see who did get it?" I inquired, pointing to the catalogue.

"Why," she said, "Turner has it; our John Turner, the man we talked about. What a funny name, too—'Rouge et Noir.'"

"Let's go and see it," I said simply.

We went. It did my heart good to see the people, all clustered about it, at a respectful distance, drinking in all its colour.

"This," I said to Miss Desborough, "is 'Rouge et Noir,' the first prize. Isn't the subject superb?"

And it was fine—a fine, tall girl, in a large hat and a red coat, with just a bit of the wheel and of the black horse showing; everything life-size.

And as we stood there, a few turned and looked first at Miss Desborough and then at the picture. They saw the likeness.

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Miss Desborough stared at the picture and then at me, and again at the picture. Other people came up and stared also. This was awkward, to say the least of it.

"Let us go, Miss Desborough," I said, and we slowly walked away from the murmuring crowd.

We sought one of the less crowded rooms, I think it was the water-colour room, but am not sure.

To tell the honest truth, I was too agitated to think about anything except that I had got into a nasty hole and had to get out of it as best I could.

We sat down in a quiet recess. By good luck the room was deserted.

"I—I don't—understand—it," was all she could say. And she certainly couldn't. Indeed, it wasn't to be expected that she should. I could only just understand it myself.

"Let me explain it," I said gently.

And I told her everything I have told you, and more, too. It took rather a long time to tell it, but she was interested enough to listen.

When she got things all straightened out, and was able to realise, first that I was really Turner and not Vance, and second that "Rouge et Noir" was really my work, she was delighted. It was good to see her.

"Father will want to buy your picture," she said firmly. "You must let him have it. Father always did admire your work, and this picture—why, he'll give you any price rather than let it go."

"Why," I said, "there's some drawback to that. The picture is not for sale. I'm willing to exchange it, but I won't sell it."

"I don't understand," she said in a puzzled way. "Other people's pictures can't be any good to you. I thought you'd want to sell it."

"The drawback is," I continued, "that the picture and I go together. It's a great drawback, I am afraid. If you want the picture you must take me, too." And then she saw. A sudden light broke upon her, and I was sorry that I had not made the colour in the picture even a little deeper. "That may not be—such—a drawback as you think it is," she said. Which was as much as to say that she accepted me, and the picture, and the drawback as well. At least, I took it that way, and she didn't object.

Suddenly she looked up with doubt in her face.

"You never told me about that 'Tiger Woman.' I want to hear about her?"

"You seem to forget," I said, "that my name is Turner. Here comes Vance. Perhaps he can tell you."

But Vance wouldn't.

is the name of a complete magazine for children given away free each month with ***THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.*** *It is a splendid little paper for children, and every month valuable prizes, including gramophones and cameras, are offered in a painting competition. Look out for* ***THE LADY'S MAGAZINE*** *and* ***WONDERLAND*** *on the tenth of each month.*

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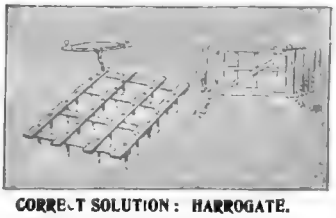
11th Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.

When the Competition Closes. - -

The final set of pictures will be published in the April *Royal*. The last day for receiving sets of pictures will be about six weeks after the final set has appeared.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.
INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of **5s. a Day for Life** will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

What you have to do.

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

The final set of pictures will appear in the April number of the *Royal*.

— CONDITIONS. —

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen.*)
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and **keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.**
5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.
6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters *made up of the names (or their phonetic equivalents) of the object or objects* depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.
8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

— THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE —

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide (*any 1902 edition*), which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

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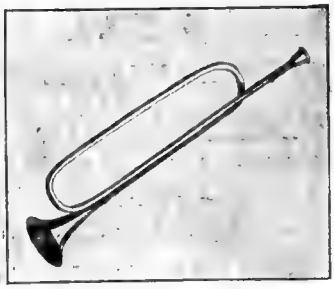
121.....



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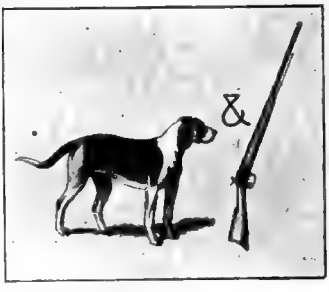

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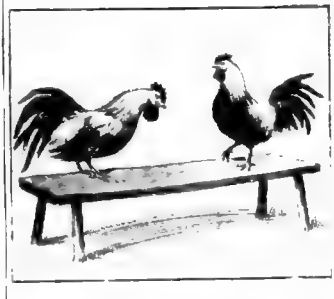

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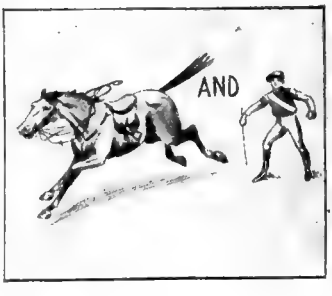

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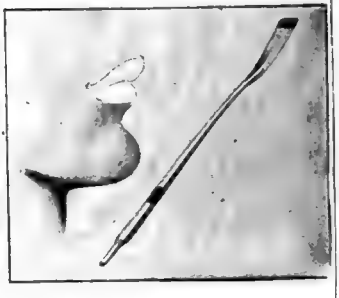

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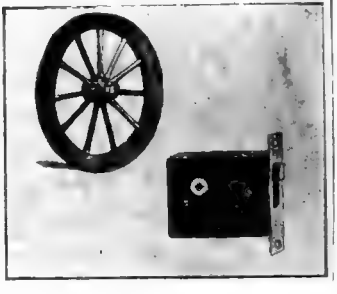

132.....

Name..... *Address*.....

Keep all pages of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

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A Marriage by Murder

How a Parrot was Sacrificed on the Altar of Love.

By Herbert Morrah.

Mr. Augustine Wilkinson lived, or perhaps I should say resided, in that particularly eligible suburb, Topham, a place notably free from the objectionable elements of Town, whilst affording all the advantages of the countryside. At least so said the advertising agents, and of course they must have known.

Alive to these facts, Mr. Wilkinson, after years of wandering, arrived at Topham, and settled down with his family; losing, in the process of packing and unpacking, the little that remained of his temper.

The street was one of those with which we are all familiar. Its neat rows of semi-detached houses were like sisters at a children's party, all dressed alike. A few slight variations were permitted in the way of ornament. For instance, where one family decorated the plot in front, two feet by one, with half a dozen jaundiced sunflowers, the neighbours retorted by displaying a bed of choleric poppies.

Mr. Wilkinson was blessed with a wife and a profession and a pack of children. These things do not always go together. When they do there are apt to be ructions. (I use this last word with reluctance.)

In Mr. Wilkinson's case affairs were complicated by the fact that the children were grown up. When they annoyed him, it was no longer possible for him to whip them and send them to bed. They ranged from Frank, who was just twenty-eight, to Clara, who was already twenty-one, and the six of them—for there were four in between—represented a series of critical problems.

Frank Wilkinson was a youth of the age. He was tall, well-built, and good-looking. He had, perhaps, more love for himself than he had for his family. If this was a fault, it was one that would wear out; and, in fact, a time might very likely come when events would present him in another light.

Mr. Wilkinson, the elder, on the other hand, only made rare pilgrimages to London. His work was done at home. It was professional labour of a high order. It required great concentration and absolute quiet. Mr. Wilkinson was a man of some talent and his mind was a sort of receptacle for all kinds of statistics. There was no end to his tabulating, compiling, arranging, and revising. Some of Mr. Wilkinson's elaborate work found its way into a commercial newspaper, some of it into great big compendiums and

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blue-books, and all of it, finally, into the waste-paper basket or the dust-bin.

When the turmoil and trouble of the move was over, Mr. Wilkinson sat down to resume his occupation in the sweet solitude of Paradise Hill Park Road. The family, as usual, was banished to its several avocations, and woe betide anyone, even Mrs. Wilkinson herself, who ventured to disturb the master of the house! So he settled himself down, one fine day, to work.

But man is born to trouble, and Mr. Wilkinson had not been at his desk twenty minutes when the trouble began.

It was a hot summer morning. The window was open. He shut it. That was a little better. But the noise went on. Whistling, crying, shouting, crowing, rattling out a storm of anything but complimentary language; singing, cooing, chattering, all in raucous tones, and in a reckless, abandoned manner such as Mr. Wilkinson in all his life had never experienced or even imagined. This was the noise that went on. It was unendurable.

All the peace of Topham was to be devastated by this miserable parrot!

The room grew sultrier. He raised the window again, and of course the outrageous, excruciating noise was redoubled.

He rushed to the door and bellowed (I use the word with regret)—bellowed for Mrs. Wilkinson, who appeared in less time than it takes to record the fact.

"That noise must stop!" he cried.

"What noise!"

"That infernal parrot over the way!"

"Oh! Augustine; we can't interfere with people over the way. We don't know more than their names."

"What *are* their abominable names?"

"Mrs. Macpherson, I believe; a widow, I think, who has an only daughter."

"Can't interfere with her? I like that! Think of my writing! Is her disreputable biped to hoot and shriek *that* out of existence? Go over at once, and tell her I won't have it!"

"Augustine, I quite, quite agree, quite sympathise. But couldn't we just write a little note or something? Or couldn't *you*——"

"Go, Emma! Go at once!"

And as the purple shades of Mr. Wilkinson's visage deepened, Mrs. Wilkinson, who had learned wisdom in recent days, departed.

She rang rather timidly at Mrs. Macpherson's door.

It was opened at once, and she was ushered into a pretty little room, whence, over the parrot's cage as it hung outside the window, she could see distinctly to the other side of the road, where her husband prowled and paced round his den like an angry beast.

After a few minutes' pause, Mrs. Macpherson entered.

The contrast between the two women was complete. Mrs. Macpherson was vast, robust, an amazon; Mrs. Wilkinson was meek, weak, wan, and faded.

"To what," asked Mrs. Macpherson in tones that made the vases on the tables rattle, "am I indebted for the honour of this unexpected visit?"

"You see," Mrs. Wilkinson faltered, "we are strangers in Topham, almost. What may seem natural to you is not quite the same to my husband. Your parrot disturbs his work."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Macpherson, grimly but calmly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the parrot at this moment, as if it were a good joke, while Mrs. Wilkinson caught sight of a flutter of green wings.

"Indeed," repeated Mrs. Macpherson, more emphatically. "If you imagine that I am going to remove my Toto you are very much mistaken!"

"Then I am to tell my husband——"

"Tell him what you please. Your conduct is an outrage."

"Madam——"

"All Topham shall hear of it," said Mrs. Macpherson, and her voice rose. "The impertinence of it! If an angel had flown down from above and told me that anyone would step over my threshold uninvited, I should not have believed him. I should have shown him the door—as I show it to you, madam, for I do not know your name."

"My name is Wilkinson. I sent it in to you."

"It may be Tompkinson or Bobkinson for all that I care or shall remember. As for sending it *in*, it is quite as easy to send it *out*. What Topham is coming to I cannot think."

Much rebuffed, and feeling decidedly low in spirit, Mrs. Wilkinson reappeared in her husband's room.

The parrot was shrieking a pæan of triumph over the way.

"Well?" he demanded.

"It is anything but well."

"You mean to tell me that you have failed? Am I to submit to this torture for the rest of my writing life? You must go again and insist."

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"Augustine," and the poor woman shook from head to foot—not from cold, for she was literally between two fires. "Augustine, nothing in the world would induce me to face that person again." And she expounded the whole story of her reception.

Mr. Wilkinson was angry. He was even furious. But he did not offer to go and interview the Macpherson woman himself. After a few cursory remarks, he ordered his wife out of the room, declaring that the enemy must be brought to reason, and that he would think out a plan of campaign for himself.

It was to an agitated household that the younger Wilkinson returned that night.

He himself seemed in the most radiant of humours.

"Why, Frank," said Ted, a younger brother, at the dinner-table, when a hush fell on the family, due to a sudden outburst from the most irascible of fathers, "you seem uncommonly satisfied to-day. Nothing seems to have upset *you*, at any rate!"

"I'm having a very good time, thanks," the elder brother replied. "Every day during the last month I've travelled up to town with the jolliest girl in creation, and back again in the evening, and I don't care who knows it. I'm jolly glad we came to live in Topham."

"Whew!" said the younger. "Who on earth is she?"

Frank smiled.

"Who is she?" Mr. Wilkinson thundered from the end of the table.

"Well, if you must know, father, I don't mind saying. Her name is Winnie Macpherson. She lives in the road—just opposite. Her mother's a widow, a most charming woman, I'm told."

Every word Frank spoke added fuel to the fire of his father's rage.

"You young scoundrel," he cried. "The next thing I hear will be that you've been making love to the parrot-woman's daughter."

And he told the story of his grievance in a few pungent words.

"Clearly understand," Mr. Wilkinson added, and his face darkened at the explosion, "that I forbid this intimacy!"

Frank's laugh increased the storm.

His father got up from the table and banged the door. He did not stop here. He made straight for the study. There, with vigorous pen, he dashed off a letter, stuck up the envelope with a bang, and had it taken off to Mrs. Macpherson without an instant's delay.

"Mr. Wilkinson's compliments to Mrs. Macpherson, and he begs leave to say that the acquaintance formed between Miss Macpherson and his son must cease immediately."

He had not to wait long for an answer.

It was written in a firm, flowing hand, with purple ink, and the address was inscribed with an almost imperial flourish.

"Mrs. Macpherson's compliments to Mr. Wilkinson, and on no account would she permit her daughter to associate with any individual of whose antecedents she was herself uncertain. Mrs. Macpherson begs leave to add that she has now *forbidden* her daughter to speak to Mr. Frank Wilkinson at any time, or to hold with him any communication of any kind whatever."

"But, my dear father," expostulated Frank, when this epistle had been read out to him, "this is downright absurd."

"You mean to say——"

"Love will find out a way—you know the proverb."

"You mean that you love this girl?

"It is something very much like it. She's the finest and sweetest girl in the world."

"If I hear any more of it I will disown you."

And Frank knew that his irate sire would be as good as his word. The fact did not daunt him. But Mrs. Macpherson was equally determined. Thenceforward his letters were evidently intercepted; they were returned unopened. No more did he meet Winnie at the station; she was evidently kept at home. A depression descended upon him, and on the whole Wilkinson household, and, in fact, seeing that Mrs. Macpherson proved as good as her word, and set Topham talking with a will, there was a distinct shadow cast upon the whole of Paradise Hill Park Road.

The parrot alone seemed wholly unaffected by what had happened, and kept up its distracting noises, hoots, ravings, cawings, shriekings, and caterwaulings from morning to night without intermission.

Mr. Wilkinson declared that it was time for action. "But the woman shall have fair warning," he added. "Come with me, Emma."

His wife obeyed, and they crossed to the other side of the road.

"I will not demean myself by attempting to confront her," he said. "Her windows are open, and she will hear what I say to you."

And as they paced up and down in front of

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the culprit's own door. Mr. Wilkinson pronounced this fearful sentence.

"If that parrot is not removed in three days, I will kill it myself!"

In stentorian tones he confided this ultimatum to Mrs. Wilkinson not once but twenty times; and then, satisfied that the terrible threat must have penetrated to the inmost recesses of the Macpherson abode, he retired, with the wife of his bosom, to his own.

The first day passed. There was no diminution in the flow of that hated bird's exuberance.

The second day passed. Still no change.

The third day dawned. Anxiety was written on the countenance of every member of the Wilkinson household, for as the time wore on Mr. Wilkinson's anger grew. And the parrot made the whole day hideous.

Just before bed-time Frank sought an interview with his father.

"You aren't really going to kill that bird?" he inquired.

"The murder will be perpetrated."

"I intreat you to think of the possible consequences."

"The chief consequence will be that I shall have peace."

"It will mean the greatest possible distress to me. I cannot speak to Winnie as it is. This absurd affair will ruin our lives. I will ask you one favour—wait another day. Perhaps Mrs. Macpherson will try to come to terms."

"I will wait till twelve o'clock to-morrow—not a moment longer. Till mid-day. You understand."

And with this Frank had to be content.

Morning came. The air was uncommonly still. An electric thrill passing from one to another indicated that something was about to happen.

Or perhaps something *had* happened?

And the road was as quiet and peaceful as any spot in the world.

Mr. Wilkinson looked across. There hung the parrot's cage in front of the window.

The parrot was not in it.

All was still.

He met the family at breakfast time in almost jovial spirits.

"Triumph!" he said. "Mrs. Macpherson has evidently thought better of it. The obnoxious creature is gone, and now we shall have peace. She must be a sensible woman after all. Frank, I withdraw my objections. No doubt she will do the same. Topham will be bearable, and I shall be able to get on with my work."

Ten o'clock found him in his study, and Frank on his way up to town, both of them in a contented and hopeful state of mind.

Mr. Wilkinson had been writing peacefully for about an hour, in a condition of bliss and ease which made him quite agreeable to behold, when there came a frantic peal at the front bell.

He had hardly thrown down his pen when his own door was rudely flung open and a woman of imposing proportions stood before him.

"Murderer!" cried Mrs. Macpherson, in tones that rang through the house.

He was startled. She held her hand out.

"Look at what you have done—see what you have to answer for!"

And the corpse of the detested parrot was thrust in his face.

Mr. Wilkinson's relief was so open that he displayed it in his every gesture.

"Well, madam," he said calmly, "if you choose to take that way of getting rid of the creature you must not blame me."

"What?" shrieked Mrs. Macpherson. "Do you attempt to deny that you came across by stealth and killed my sweet Toto?"

"My good woman," began Mr. Wilkinson.

"Don't dare to talk to me like that, sir! You killed the bird. I have not the smallest doubt of it. He was left in his cage last night, outside, as it was warm. I came down to him this morning and found him—dead. Your threat to kill him is three days old. I'll have the law of you!"

And after sundry further murmurings and threatenings Mrs. Macpherson departed in a whirlwind.

Frank returned that night to a household more disordered than ever.

Mrs. Macpherson had lost no time. Off she went to a solicitor. "Quite clearly you can reduce Mr. Wilkinson to sense," he said. "I'll soon make him pay up."

"As though any amount of paying up could ever recompense me for the loss of my dear sweet darling Toto," poor Mrs. Macpherson whimpered. But the solicitor calmed her by degrees, and so litigation began.

There were a good many preliminary skirmishes. Topham society got wind of what was going on, and divided itself with much fervour into Macphersonites and Wilkinsonites.

As for peace, there was none to be had.

Mr. Wilkinson's own lawyer told him frankly that the threats he had uttered gave him away considerably.

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"Murderer!' cried Mrs. Macpherson, in tones that rang through the house.

"I tell you," said Mr. Wilkinson, "that at twelve o'clock that day I would have done it. But I didn't. The thing must have heard me, and died of fright."

"You don't *want* all this business in the papers, I suppose?" asked the lawyer.

"I won't give in to that woman!"

"We might compromise."

Mr. Wilkinson was just about to launch forth again, when in walked Frank.

"What's that I hear about compromise?"

"Nothing at all," said his father.

"My dear dad, 'pon my word it's the most sensible thing you can do! I—I've had an important message this morning; it was tipped over the wall, and the result is that I've asked Mrs. Macpherson to step across."

"Good heavens!"

The lawyer only smiled.

"And by Jove, here—here she is!"

Before he could blurt out another word, in sailed Mrs. Macpherson. She was not alone.

The girl, a pretty, sweet, charming girl—a kind of angel in human raiment—gave a quiet little sign to Frank as she came in, and managed to whisper something discreetly while the attention of the others was distracted.

Then the lawyer, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mrs. Macpherson, very solemn all, seated themselves round the table, while the others betook themselves to an alcove, and looked on.

Mrs. Macpherson was the first to speak.

"I should not be here but for my daughter's action," she rapped out.

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"And now you are here, madam, what do you propose?" the lawyer inquired.

"Nothing can ever replace my Toto!" Mrs. Macpherson declared.

"The question is, Who killed the bird?"

"You did!" said Mrs. Macpherson, turning fiercely in the enemy's direction. "You said you would do it, and you did."

"I said I would, but I didn't."

"Then perhaps," said Mrs. Macpherson icily, "you will inform me who did?"

"Mr. Wilkinson can't do that if he doesn't know," rang out a clear voice from the alcove.

It was Winnie. She stood now facing them all.

"The fact is," she cried, "that Mr. Wilkinson did not kill the parrot at all. If you want to find the murderess, she stands before you."

"You!" cried Mrs. Macpherson, and forthwith fainted away.

"Yes," replied Winnie, as they all helped her mother to restoratives and the sofa. "I killed Toto because that was the only way out of it. Had Mr. Wilkinson carried out his threat, we should have been estranged for ever. Had the parrot been suffered to live, no one here would have been allowed to speak to me any more."

Here she turned to Frank.

"So to set things straight the cause of the trouble had to go! I did it early that morning before breakfast! When mother discovered it I did not dare to tell her, but the truth had to be known sooner or later."

"Murder will out!" said the lawyer.

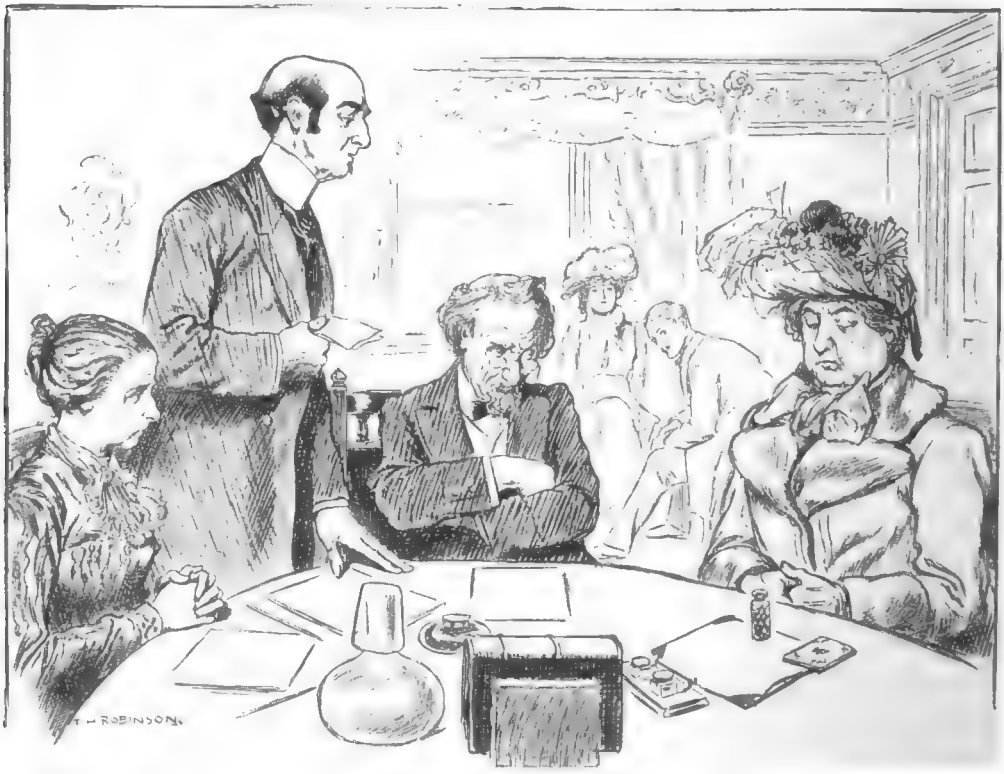
"You did a very sensible thing," said Mr. Wilkinson. "You're a very good girl. And you want to marry my Frank. I've no objection."

Mrs. Macpherson opened her eyes.

"Nothing can ever replace my Toto!" she murmured.

But Winnie only laughed.

Within the next hour they all laughed together. Even Mrs. Macpherson could not resist the discussion of a wedding outfit, and as for Mr. Wilkinson, he was so overjoyed at the prospect of peace for his statistics that he promised something quite extravagant in the way of starting the young couple in married life.



"Nothing can ever replace my Toto!" Mrs. Macpherson declared.

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Mr. Ben Austrian in his studio. At the back can be seen one of the artist's remarkable posing hens, which is already beginning to appear on the canvas.

HENS AS ARTISTS' MODELS.

How Mr. Austrian, the American Artist, has Trained Hens to pose for him, and Many Pretty Stories, showing their Wonderful Intelligence.

By Reginald Maingay.

Every painter makes a specialty of some subject or other. There are painters of the sea, the country, the town, of portraits, history, modern life, dogs, cats, horses, and goodness only knows what else. But while each of these subjects has a crowd of devoted brethren of the brush to portray it, there is only one painter of hens, and nothing, or almost nothing, but hens—a young American, Mr. Ben Austrian.

No painter of animals can ever hope really to succeed unless he loves, studies, and understands the animal he sets out to paint. And Mr. Austrian's success is due largely to the fact, not only that he loves and understands hens and chickens, but that he has studied them so closely as to have been able to train them to pose for his pictures.

"What's this, I wonder?"

You think the hen an unintelligent animal? Well, frankly, so did I until I met Mr. Austrian and heard all about his wonderful feathered models. There is hardly anything he cannot make

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"A Monster Brood."

them do, and the scores of anecdotes he tells proving their cuteness and sagacity will make me careful of my behaviour when next I visit a barnyard. Every cluck and cackle will seem to me a piece of personal criticism.

Mr. Austrian loved hens long before he thought of becoming their painter-in-chief. When still a boy he used to spend his holidays on a farm in the country. It was there that he first began studying his future models. He used to spend whole afternoons watching the fowls as they went about their business, and one proud mother with a large brood of chickens attracted his special interest.

It was from her that he took his first lessons in the language of fowls. He learned the various meanings of her cackles, and discovered that the hen is a much more fluent talker than her showy spouse. Her vocabulary is marvellously extensive. She has a special cackle for every emotion—cackles expressive of love, fear, pain, triumph, cheerfulness, contentment, distress. She even sings a lullaby to her brood when hushing them to sleep under her wings.

Well, Mr. Austrian took an especial fancy to one little chick in the old hen's brood, a sweet, downy, yellow little creature, more lively, it seemed to him, and more adventurous than its brothers and sisters. So one day, when the mother was penned in her coop, he picked it up, took it indoors, fed it and fondled it.

He had to use great tact and gentleness at first not to scare the little thing, but soon it became quite at home, allowed itself to be stroked, and fed trustfully out of its protector's hand.

Boy and chicken became very attached to each other, and when the former had to return home at the end of his holidays he took his little favourite with him. And quite an important member of the household she became. From the first she would follow young Austrian about the place, and very soon she became as sociable as any dog or cat, settling herself comfortably beside him when he sat down, or perching on his knee or shoulder. And when she wished to lay an egg she would bustle into the kitchen, seek out some dark corner, deposit the egg, and stand clucking over it until somebody came and took it away.

This was Mr. Austrian's first hen pet. In later years, when he decided on taking up painting as a profession, he found that it was absolutely necessary to get hens to pose for him if his pictures were to attain the life-like perfection he aimed at.

A painter who had not studied fowls from his childhood upward would never have attempted so seemingly hopeless a task. Mr. Austrian saw his way clearly, and set about

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it at once. He took the chicks immediately after they had broken their shells and taken their first peep at the world, isolated them, and started accustoming them to himself. No hand but his might feed them, and his voice was the only voice they heard. They were made thoroughly familiar with the studio, being allowed to run about as much as they pleased.

In no time they became very tame, and followed the painter wherever he went. He would cuddle them in his blouse if he thought they looked chilly, and after a time almost carry on conversations with them—for Mr. Austrian is an adept at talking the language of the mother hen. The chicks may be grubbing about the paraphernalia at the further corner of the studio; Mr. Austrian sits down and imitates the cackle of the hen when she wishes to call her brood about her. Without a moment's hesitation the chicks obey the summons; they scamper up to him full tilt, fly on to his easel, his lap, his shoulder, his head.

"If I understood them they soon grew to understand me," said Mr. Austrian. "It is most amusing, for instance, to give the hen's cackle of alarm when, say, my models are busily feeding. They will instantly cease pecking the seeds, stand at attention with elongated necks, listen carefully, and peer suspiciously about the room."

The three most successful models Mr. Austrian has ever had are "Julia," a Brahma; "Pauline," a Plymouth Rock; and "My Coal Black Lady," a black Wyandotte. Each of these hens has been reared by Mr. Austrian from infancy upward, and it is difficult to say which of the three is the most remarkable, though from what I have heard I would give the palm to Julia. At any rate, she seems to be her master's favourite: he talks about her with singular affection, and tells you a fund of anecdotes illustrating her quaint characteristics.

"She understands me so perfectly!" he says. "She is so attentive and industrious! Let me give you a little description of Julia at work. First of all, I usher her into the studio; she must be alone, so that nothing may disturb her or distract her attention. There are various 'hen-coops' knocking about—old rusty dish-pans, old-fashioned bread-baskets, half-barrels, and boxes. Julia, let us say, has to pose for a picture sitting in a bread-basket filled with straw. In she goes; I arrange the blinds of the side window so as to get the proper light effects; Julia settles herself; all is ready.

"Now, I want my model to simulate a look

"My Coal Black Lady"—one of Mr. Ben Austrian's famous posing hens.
From the picture in the possession of John Wanamaker

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of alarm, so I imitate an alarm cackle in Julia's native tongue. Immediately she stretches her neck, ruffles her feathers (mind you, she is not really alarmed in the least), inclines her head, opens her beak, breathes fast; or perhaps she may even half rise in her nest and look uneasily about her for some imaginary intruder.

"In this position she will remain for a few moments—long enough for me to get the first outline of my sketch. When she becomes restless I take my mahl-stick, which has a nickel-plated ball tip, and hold it for a moment in front of her beak. She is at once pacified, returning to the pose I require and maintaining it for several minutes at a time.

Julia, Mr. Austrian's cleverest posing hen.

"I often leave my posing hen in her nest while I go to lunch or afternoon tea. One day, after several hours' hard work, I laid aside my brushes and sat down to a well-merited cup of tea. Julia I left in her bread-basket. Suddenly my attention was attracted to some street boys, who were shouting and gesticulating, their eyes fixed on my studio window, which I had left open. Hastily returning, I found that Julia (poor old girl!), tired with her long sitting, had got up, made for the window, and was now standing on the sill, loudly clucking and making as though she were about to fly. I called her; she looked round at me, hesitated a moment, then jumped back into the room, returned to the nest, and settled herself quietly into the position I required for my picture."

On another occasion Mr. Austrian was called away from his work on urgent business. In his hurry to leave he forgot to remove Julia from the nest in which she sat in a position one would have thought exceedingly uncomfortable if maintained for any length of time.

It was many hours before the artist returned, and, entering his studio, imagine his astonishment to find Julia seated in precisely the same pose as when he had left her! Evidently she had not stirred an inch during his absence—or perhaps she had been having a good time wandering about the place, and, hearing his footsteps, had hurried back to the nest and settled herself into the proper position. You can never tell. Julia is clever enough for anything!

You must not suppose these variations on the sitting posture are the only ones Mr. Austrian can get his hens to assume. He can place them in almost any position so long as it is natural, and get them to remain in it for some little while.

For instance, if he wants a hen to stand on one leg with the other poised as though she were stepping forward, he has only to fix her in this position and she will remain stock still while he makes a rapid sketch. It is easiest to get a hen into the brooding position we know so well. All Mr. Austrian has to do is to stroke the bird gently over the head and back, and down she settles with the best will in the world.

"The Uninvited Guests."

"It's a queer thing," said Mr. Austrian, "but I find that many of my models after being told to simulate brooding suddenly take it into their heads to brood in earnest. I remember once getting Pauline to sit on some eggs for a picture I was painting of

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a brooding hen. In the middle of the picture I was called away to another part of the country. When I returned Pauline was the proud mother of half-a-dozen little chicks. I'd like to believe that she had continued to sit on those eggs from conscientious motives, but I sadly fear her reason was nothing loftier than the commonplace desire to possess a family."

Little chickens are, naturally, much more difficult to pose than their elders. A favourite dodge of Mr. Austrian is to place them on a little stand beside him and throw a lighted cigarette in front of them. They immediately huddle together and remain, staring in rather frightened wonderment at the smoking object, long enough to enable the artist to get a mental impression of their position.

"Sometimes," says Mr. Austrian, "I try another dodge. I put one of the chicks into a basket and give it a few swings in the air. When the chicken is taken out and placed on the stand, it is for a short while too giddy and stupefied to move. You know the feeling yourself, if you happen to have been in a merry-go-round."

Occasionally, for the sake of variety, Mr. Austrian puts another animal into his picture —a puppy for preference. He loves puppies, and would make a fine dog painter if he chose. Mr. Austrian told me this quaint little dog story.

"My Coal Black Lady was once required to pose with a snow-white fox-terrier puppy. Sometimes it was absolutely necessary for both dog and hen to be in the studio at the same time; and this created difficulties, for, if the puppy disliked My Coal Black Lady, My Coal Black Lady detested the puppy. There were 'ructions.'

"Then one day," says Mr. Austrian, "without giving any previous signs of feeling more amiably disposed towards each other, they met together gravely in the centre of my studio. White nose touched black beak, and

Betwixt Her Darkness and His Brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.

"I saw it—that 'glance of politeness!' It was most extraordinary; and ever afterwards they became the best of friends, My Lady following the puppy all over the place, and reclining beside him when he took his afternoon *siesta*."

"The Mother of Nine."

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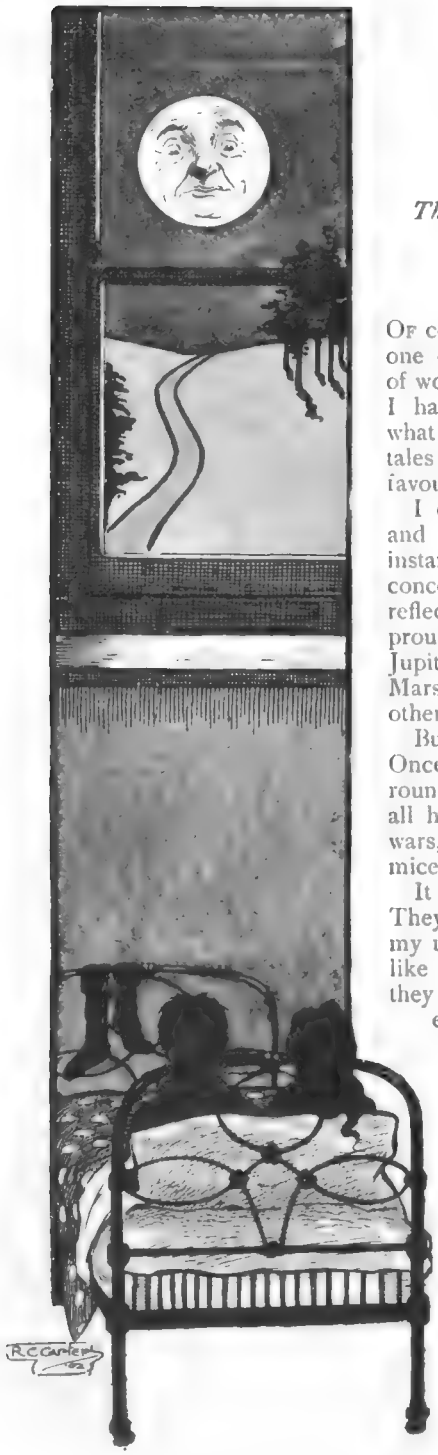

Imagine my surprise, when I looked in upon them, to find them sitting up in bed.

TOLD BY THE MOON.

The Story of the Pyjama Kids and the Ogre.

By S. Bridge-Worth.

Of course, there are a number of stories that I might tell—one can't be the Moon, you know, without seeing no end of wonderful things that other people wouldn't notice. But I have never written a story before, so I hardly know what to choose for a beginning out of all the marvellous tales that revolve in my mind. (Revolving is one of my favourite habits.)

I could tell you some very strange tales about the Sun and the Planets, and the Stars. About that Venus, for instance. You *would* be surprised if you knew what a conceited thing that Venus is. If my beauty *is* only reflected sunlight, it is no reason why she should be so proud. And then about Jupiter —I could tell you how Jupiter and I, when we first fell in love—or about how Mars said to me—or about dear Saturn's little joke the other day, when——

But perhaps I could tell you most about Mother Earth. Once every day my friend Mother Earth turns herself round before me, so that I can see what is happening in all her lands, and among all her peoples. I see battles, wars, love affairs, bad deeds, sad deeds, mad deeds, men, mice, motor cars—everything.

It is my trusty little beams that find out all that happens. They are very useful to me. For one thing, they shed my tender light. And then they are like telephones and like telescopes, and however far away they wander—and they often go so far as 250,000 miles—I can still hear everything they hear, and see everything they see.

Hence it is very interesting—being the Moon.

Only last night, for instance, I was deeply interested in a very curious thing that happened down in Essex. I daresay I was largely responsible for it—as I am for a great many things that happen on Earth, if you only knew it. I should like to know where all your love affairs would be, if it weren't for me?

I was shining last night in a place in Essex that I am very fond of. It always looks so beautiful and so peaceful. At one place there is a mill pool and many poplar trees, and willows. There is a little village on a hill in the distance, and, standing apart in lovely grounds, a great house.

Every night into the big house, into one of its tiniest rooms, I send a few of my beams to see how my Pyjama Kids are sleeping. One is always lying on her back, in a blue silk sleeping suit, her little arms flung wide on the white pillows, her hair

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all anyhow, looking, if I may say so, like twisted silver moonbeams—she is my Silver Girl, but calls herself Laguna Lil. The other is always lying on his front, in a pink silk suit, with his legs kicked wide apart, a sword in one hand—he's my Pyjama Boy, and loves pirates better than anything, and calls himself Desperado Bill. How they sleep, those two, never heeding the chatter of my beams!

But last night imagine my surprise when I looked in upon them to find them sitting up in bed, and talking. It was nine o'clock. I had never known them awake at that time before. And Laguna Lil was saying: "Desperado Bill, it is as light as daylight—let's go out pirating."

In a twinkling they were both out of bed, and Desperado Bill stalked to the door, and listened outside. That night all the people were away except the servants, and *they* were busy round their dining-table. "The coast is clear," said Desperado Bill. "Forward! But the night is wild. Best take my cloak,"—and he buttoned his little blue pea-jacket round Laguna Lil, and then they both put on their sandals, and Laguna Lil before and Desperado Bill behind, his drawn sword in his hand, marched out, and down the passage.

Down the passage I saw them go, and down the great staircase, and out through the open hall door on to the drive, where, indeed, I was shining as bright as day.

They looked cautiously around them. All was still

"Hist," said Desperado Bill, "step quietly. Keep on the grass. Let us hide in the forest till the travellers come, when we will rob the coach. To the forest! To the forest!"

Crouching low, they sped down the grass, taking shelter behind rose bushes and shrubs at every other moment, then darting on from one border to another, from one tree to the next. Never had I seen the Pyjama Kids out on such a desperate enterprise. I was horrified and terrified lest they died of cold. At last they came to the wood that runs beside the drive. To my astonishment they entered, Desperado Bill waving his sword, and then, to my annoyance, I lost sight of them for the moment. I ordered out a thousand beams to try to find their way through the trees, and locate the Kids.

We soon found them. They were standing side by side, their backs to a tree trunk, Bill with his sword held straight before him.

"It's a black bear," he was saying.

"It's a wolf," answered Laguna Lil. "We shall be eaten alive unless we kill it!"

They kept their eyes fixed on a little bush before them. In a moment a rabbit scuttled out of it, and, with a yell, they gave chase.

They pulled up only at the end of the wood, at the drive gates. I watched with interest to see what they would do now. The road stretched away glistening white before them. They appeared to hesitate.

"Let's go back," said Laguna Lil. "The coach will be here in a minute, and we may be caught."

They looked back into the wood, but I had called my beams away, and it was dark there now. They seemed frightened.

They came to the wood that runs beside the drive.

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"Keep a sharp look-out for Indians," said Desperado Bill.

"The wood is full of bears and lions," said Desperado Bill. "We are in danger of our lives. Fly—quick, here's a tiger coming—let us fly to the river!"

Believe me or not — I myself was never more surprised at anything in my life—but if those two Pyjama Kids didn't dash out through the gates and across the road, and over a stile on the other side, into a field that ran down to the river, may I never revolve again!

Down by the river, on the far side, an ass was feeding. (He was white by sunlight, but *I* turned him into a silver steed.) As soon as the Kids saw him—he was their own donkey by right—a great plan dawned upon them.

"Let us mount and ride for our lives," said Desperado Bill. "See the great herd of black elephants! We must man the boat, and cross the torrent, capture the wild horse, and flee. Follow on!"

The elephants—two black cows—looked up in amaze at the flying figures, in blue and pink, making headlong for the river—and for my own part I was so amazed that I nearly dropped from the sky. In a little shed at the mouth of a small creek a tiny boat was moored. Desperado Bill leapt in, and with courtly grace, gave his hand to Laguna Lil. Then he took up an oar, and pushed the boat out into the stream, Laguna Lil sitting like a queen on the cushioned seat.

"Keep a sharp look out for Indians," said Desperado Bill, as he stealthily paddled his way across the little strip of water, peering cautiously in all directions. "Hist! is not that an arrow tip sticking from that bush? Crouch low, Lil—at any moment the Indians may fire upon us!"

Lil crouched low on her seat until the oarsman had brought the boat's nose up against the bank. He sprang to shore, and at once fell flat on his stomach.

"Down for your life, Lil," he whispered. "If yon white charger sees us and takes fright, we are lost. Now, we will steal up to him from behind, until we are close enough for him to know our voices."

And, as I revolve, it was on all fours that the Pyjama Kids crossed that river meadow, and approached that silver ass. You would have thought that they had been desperadoes, and pirates, and buccaneers, and highway robbers all their lives, had you seen them on that moonlight escapade. Their mouths were closed in grim determination—fierce resolve shone from their eyes; the sword glinted bravely in my light; prickles pricked their bare ankles. pierced the knees of their silk suits, and tore their hands, but never a groan came from them.

At last, diverging from the trail, they encompassed the ass on either side; and Lil called it softly by its name. It came to her, on the trot, and rubbed its muzzle into her bleeding little palm. In another moment, she was sitting astride its back, and then

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Desperado Bill rose up and leapt on behind her, and slipping one hand around Lil's waist, he waved his sword in the other, clapped to his heels, and set the ass careering across the meadow.

It was as strange a sight as ever I have seen—the silver ass trotting with my Pyjama Kids across that silent river meadow. The clock of the church in the village struck half-past nine as the donkey made through a gap in the hedge, and turned loose up and over a hilly piece of waste ground, the Kids clutching on now for dear life. Their spirit of adventure seemed to have entered the ass's head, and his excitement, I think, must have cooled theirs somewhat, by the grim determination of Bill's clutch on Lil, and of Lil's clutch on the donkey's mane. But the donkey held steadily on his way, up and over the hill, and down the other side, and out through an open gate on to the road.

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" cried Desperado Bill, and "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" cried the Laguna Lily. "Dear donkey, *do—please—stop*," she gasped, and tugged at his mane with all her strength. When they came to a little white gate opening into a large garden, the donkey drew up, the boy slid to the ground, and the girl tumbled after him. At that moment, far away up the long, white road, two bright lights came into their view, and the sound of clattering horses' hoofs smote their ears.

"It's the stage coach, sure-*ly*," said Desperado Bill. "What jolly luck! We'll hold it up and rob the passengers, and ride away on the biggest horse! We'll——"

"Bill," broke in Laguna Lil, "be quiet, Bill—it's not the stage-coach—we can't rob it—it's—it's *mother's carriage*, Bill!"

And, indeed the Kids' mother's carriage it was, the lights of which were rapidly approaching the little white gate; driving as I suspected, to bring home the Kids' mother from the house where she had been to dine. The dinner could hardly have come to an end yet—evidently the Kids' mother intended to leave early. "My word," said Bill, "supposing Williams sees us!"

It was indeed, a terrible predicament for the Kids—how I laughed at it! Perhaps you noticed how I was laughing last night? I laughed until I rocked in the sky! Supposing Williams, the coachman, *did* see the Kids—the son and heir of the house, standing in my light, on a high road, after nine at night, in his pyjamas, a drawn sword in his hand—and the cherished daughter of the house, in *her* pyjamas, with only a pea-jacket around her!

"Whew!" said Bill.

Of course, I thought the Kids would see that the game was up—that instead of attacking the coach, they would give themselves up as prisoners, throw themselves on Williams' tender mercy. But I suppose they were too frightened to think of this. They had only one thought in their heads—to hide until the carriage had passed.

"Quick," cried Desperado Bill, looking anything but a desperado now. "In through the gate with you, Lil—in with you, Neddy!" and, with a rush, pell mell, buccaneers and donkey charged through the little white gate, on to the

He . . . clapped to his heels and set the ass careering across the meadow.

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Sitting under a rose tree on the lawn they found Laguna Lil.

lawn of a trim garden. As Bill and Lil crouched behind the hedge, the carriage lamps flashed past, the horses clattered on down the road.

"Whew," said Bill again, and mopped his brow.

The carriage, rolling on, turned in through a larger gate a little further along the road, and entered the stable yard at the back of the house, in the shadow of which the Pyjama Kids were crouching to wait until the dinner was ended. But this they did not heed. They never troubled their heads to think where it was going.

Now, indeed, my Pyjama Kids were in desperate straits. A good mile from their beds, they were in a stranger's garden with a silver donkey, who calmly ate the grass of the lawn. Poor kids—I pitied them.

Bill at last began to examine the house, which stood a little way back from the road. I wondered what he would do next. Was he dismayed? Not a bit of it. He turned to his sister.

"Laguna Lil," he whispered, "this is the En-chanted Castle!"

"O-h," said Laguna Lil.

"Yes," said Desperado Bill, "this is the En-chanted Castle, and this is where the Ogre lives."

"O-oh, the Ogre," said Lil.

"Yes, the great Ogre, who eats all boys and girls. We must kill him, Laguna Lil. I will cut off his head with my sword. We will enter the Castle, kill all the Ogres, and here we will live for ever afterwards. Follow me, Lil."

In amazement I watched the Kids. What *would* they do next? Leaving their donkey, they crept up a little path, stole softly into a verandah that ran along the side of the house facing the road. There were shrubs in pots, and tables and chairs, but all was still.

"Forward," whispered Bill. "We must make our attack from the other side."

They crept out of the verandah, and along by the other wall of the house. The windows on this side were high above their heads, and they could find no entrance. Stealthily they crept along until they came to the corner. Bill tip-toed forward, and put his head round, while Lil pressed herself flat against the wall behind him.

"What do you see, Bill?" she asked.

"Hist!" whispered Bill, "don't talk—come and look."

Lil crept to his side and took his hand, and together they examined the scene. There was a big lawn before this side of the house edged by a little gravel path, on to which two big French windows opened. The windows stood wide open, and through them came a flood of soft candle-light. And through the windows, too, came the sound of voices, of laughter, and a gentle clatter of knives against plates.

"Hist!" said Bill, "all the Ogres are at dinner. Come and see them eating."

They moved forward, very slowly, up to the window—and then Bill, who was in front, dropped on his hands and knees, and poked his head forward until he could see clear into the room.

A number of ladies and gentlemen were seated around

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a long dining-table, ladened with flowers and fruit.

Bill, holding his breath, watched them with beating heart. His eyes shone.

"Lil," he whispered, "we'll take them all prisoners, and I'll cut off all their heads with my sword."

"How s'prised they'll be," whispered back Lil. "Go on, Bill."

Bill rose to his feet. He took a step forward and stood in the window. I saw a footman drop a great basket of grapes—I heard a lady scream—a man nearly fell out of his chair. Then Bill waved his sword and cried:—

"Peoples—in the name of the King—stop eatin'!"

What a clattering of falling knives—what an upsetting of wine-glasses—what a scraping of chairs on the polished floors—what screaming—*what* commotion. In a second all the men and all the ladies were on their feet. Laguna Lil put her hands to her eyes and turned and fled away down the lawn. But Desperado Bill stood his ground, and waved his sword again, and cried:—

"Keep still—go back all you peoples—you're my prisoners!"

But they fell upon him, and caught him up, and pulled him into the room, amidst laughter and shouts, and a lady cried: "Why, it's my precious baby Bill—Bill, you naughty boy, however did you come here?"

Amid shrieks and shouts and roars of laughter, the desperate pirate Bill, kicking and wriggling in a dozen hands, was conveyed to his mother's arms, and she, laughing more than anyone, hugged him to her, and said: "Bill, you wicked Bill, have you and Lil been playing pirates again?"

"Yes," answered Bill, "we went out pirating in the moonlight—and we thought this was the Enchanted Castle where the Ogre lived—and Laguna Lil is in the garden."

"Laguna Lil in the garden!" A dozen voices echoed the words, a dozen people rushed to the window, charged out on to the lawn—the wildest excitement reigned. Sitting under a rose tree on the lawn they found the Laguna Lily, and bore her in triumph back to the dining-room.

"Why, Lil," cried her mother—"oh, my precious pair of babies!"

At that moment a black cloud drove across my view, and I could see no more.

But later on in the night one of my most enterprising little beams managed to push its way through the clouds, and to gain an entrance to the tiny room in the big house on the hill above the village where my Pyjama Kids were wont to sleep.

And there they lay, side by side, Laguna Lil on her back, her hair all over the pillow, like twisted strands of silver moonlight. Desperado Bill on his front, his sword still in his hand, sleeping as though they had never heard of such things as pirates, and looking oh, ever so good.

* * * * *

Indeed, yes, it is very interesting being the Moon.

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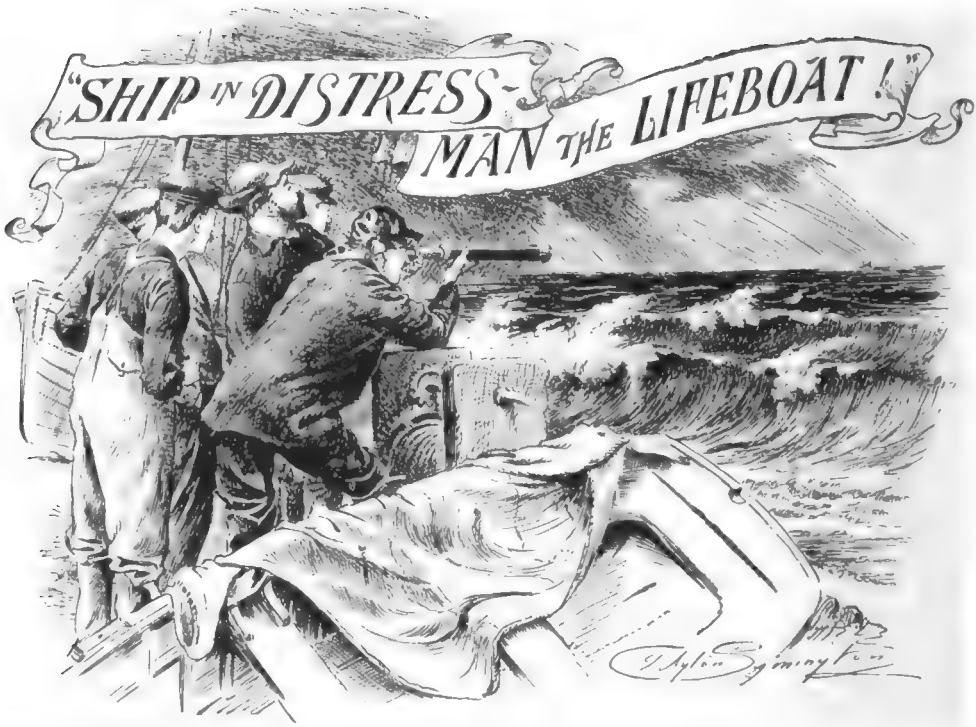

Strange Stories of the Sea, of Terrible Shipwrecks and Gallant Rescues, gathered from the Records of the Lifeboat Service.

By Marcus Woodward.

THE BRITISH LIFEBOAT.

"A ship in distress! Summon the lifeboatmen! Man the lifeboat!" In all our rough island story, where may deeds of more glorious gallantry be found than those that are called to mind by these expressions?—these common, everyday expressions, which yet are never to be heard without a stir of the blood, a thrill of excitement?

"Man the lifeboat?"—with the words a vision springs to the mind, a great scene is enacted in a flash. Before a roaring gale, amid raging seas, a doomed ship drives to destruction on fatal rocks just off the shore. A blue light flares out at sea, vivid, brilliant. A rocket bursts, a cannon booms from a light-vessel. The lifeboat-house bell clangs.

A hundred men rush to the boats; the first fifteen to gain the life-belts form the crew. One sees the gallant boat breast the breakers, beat out to sea; mountainous billows toss her high, and cast her down into deep gulfs, but she rises buoyant to every wave; at last she sheers down on the wreck, men jump from the rigging, and home she comes again, with all hands saved, to the welcome on the shore.

Britain's lifeboat service is Britain's pride. "Supported by voluntary contributions!" says the old phrase—but it tells only half the story: not only are the funds given voluntarily, but the men who run the services are contributed voluntarily.

Over 43,000 lives have our lifeboats saved in their work of three-quarters of a century. Nearly 300 lifeboats are now stationed around the coast. Their crews are rewarded as generously as the funds will allow on each occasion of their work, by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. About £100,000 a year is the income needed to keep the fleet in thorough efficiency.

Each boat has its appointed coxswain, whose salary is £8 a year, an assistant coxswain, whose salary is £2, a bowman whose retaining fee is £1 10*s.* per annum, and a signalman at £1. These are the only salaried men of the crew—the rest are volunteers. They are paid 10*s.* each for

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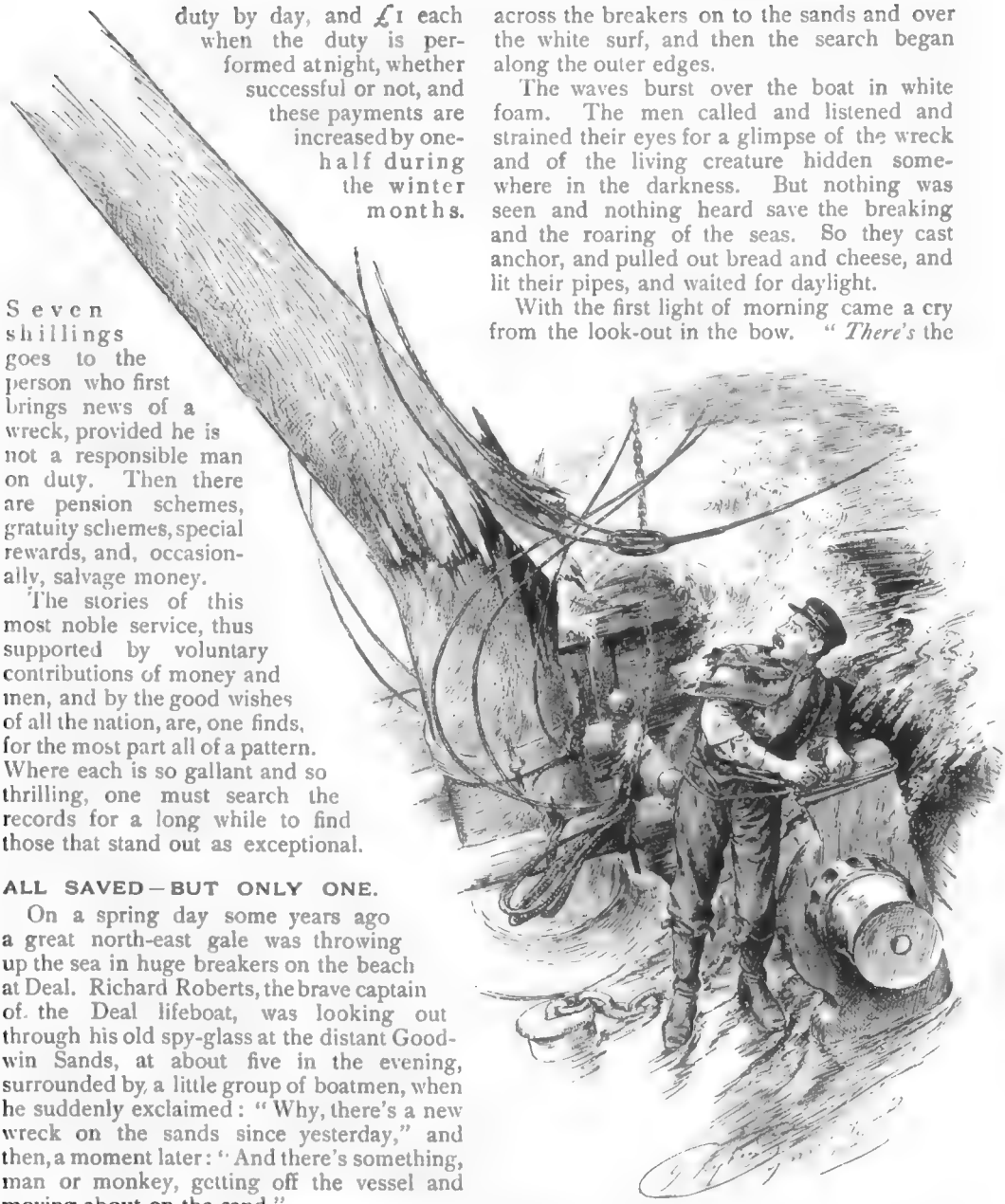
duty by day, and £1 each when the duty is performed at night, whether successful or not, and these payments are increased by one-half during the winter months.

Seven shillings goes to the person who first brings news of a wreck, provided he is not a responsible man on duty. Then there are pension schemes, gratuity schemes, special rewards, and, occasionally, salvage money.

The stories of this most noble service, thus supported by voluntary contributions of money and men, and by the good wishes of all the nation, are, one finds, for the most part all of a pattern. Where each is so gallant and so thrilling, one must search the records for a long while to find those that stand out as exceptional.



The captain of a Norwegian brig—the last man left alive on his ship. One by one the crew had been washed away by the terrific force of the sea. He managed to save himself by lashing himself to the windlass. As he did so, the foremast snapped off close to the deck with an awful crash. After hours of hardship the captain was gallantly rescued by the Deal lifeboat.

ALL SAVED—BUT ONLY ONE.

On a spring day some years ago a great north-east gale was throwing up the sea in huge breakers on the beach at Deal. Richard Roberts, the brave captain of the Deal lifeboat, was looking out through his old spy-glass at the distant Goodwin Sands, at about five in the evening, surrounded by a little group of boatmen, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Why, there's a new wreck on the sands since yesterday," and then, a moment later: "And there's something, man or monkey, getting off the vessel and moving about on the sand."

Word soon spread through Deal that a lone man in distress was running wildly about to and fro on the Goodwins. For hours, however, nothing could be done to help him—there was a strong tide and a head wind and it was impossible to launch the lifeboat. But at last the tide turned, the bell rang, there was a rush for the belts, and into the pitchy blackness the boat was run out across the breakers on to the sands and over the white surf, and then the search began along the outer edges.

The waves burst over the boat in white foam. The men called and listened and strained their eyes for a glimpse of the wreck and of the living creature hidden somewhere in the darkness. But nothing was seen and nothing heard save the breaking and the roaring of the seas. So they cast anchor, and pulled out bread and cheese, and lit their pipes, and waited for daylight.

With the first light of morning came a cry from the look-out in the bow. "*There's* the man running!" There he was, not four hundred yards away, staggering over the sand towards the surf that separated him from the boat, and in a moment the boat was through

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the surf, and a boatman had sprung out with a line around his waist to bring the lost sailor over the deadly sands to safety. Lying snugly sheltered he told his story.

He was a Norwegian, and captain of his brig, the *Auguste Hermann Francke*, bound, with a crew of six on board and a cargo of ice, for San Sebastian. They had run on to the Goodwins the morning before at high water, and as the sea thumped them on the hard sand the crew took to the main rigging, and the captain lashed himself to the fore rigging. Then the mainmast went overboard, and as each of the crew unlashed himself he was carried away before the captain's eyes and drowned. The captain changed his position, and lashed himself to the windlass just as the foremast crashed into the sea.

At last, as the tides fell, and the wreck stood up high and dry on the sands, he climbed down.

For hour after hour he raged up and down the treacherous sands, fearful to rest lest the quicksand should suck him in, and when night came on he returned to the wreck, and lashed himself to his windlass again, there to watch the night through whilst the tide rose and the waves broke over him.

The story told, and the tides propitious, the lifeboatmen carried him home to Deal, with the British ensign at their peak, signifying "all saved." By this they meant that all whom they had found on the wreck were rescued. It was a surprise for the crowd that gathered to welcome them when only one battered man staggered up the beach.

A HARVEST OF LIVES.

What a contrast to this one soul saved from the hungry Goodwins was the harvest reaped by the Ramsgate lifeboat, the *Bradford*, when the emigrant ship *Fusilier* ran hard and fast on the sands, with more than one hundred passengers on board, sixty of them women and children. In the terrific sea that raged not more than thirty could be carried away at one time in the lifeboat.

Two of the lifeboatmen sprang to the emigrants' deck; two of the sailors were slung in bowlines over the side to help the passengers to the boat, the women, one by one, mothers first, were urged forward, grasped by the sailors, and dropped into the boat tossing and dancing on the waves below. A bundle was thrown after them—a child wrapped in a blanket—and the boat bounded away with her first load across the sea to her tug-boat, the *Aid*.

Again and again the lifeboat plied from the tug to the *Fusilier* and back. At last the tug and the boat set out from the doomed ship for Ramsgate with one hundred and four souls rescued.

But their night's work was not finished yet, for as they drove through the seas the wreck of another foundering ship was seen, with living men clinging to the mast.

Forgetting their long night's struggle, at once the men turned their boat in towards the wreck, charged the wreckage, and threw up a rope to the rigging where the exhausted sailors clung. Sixteen men dropped down among them. They made back for the steamer, which took them in tow again, and soon was driving through the great seas for Ramsgate once more, having on board one hundred and twenty rescued human beings.

THE RECORD IN RESCUES.

But the record rescue was made on January 31st, 1892, when the North German Lloyd steamer *Eider* ran aground on Atherfield Ledge, Isle of Wight. It was a thick, black night, and a strong wind was blowing. Three lifeboats put out to the rescue. When it was decided to send the passengers ashore eighteen trips backwards and forwards were made, and two hundred and thirty-three passengers were landed at Atherfield!

Later, the crew were taken on shore—one hundred and forty-six officers and men, and the boats made trips to bring off the mail-bags and specie—eight and a half tons of silver bars, and half a ton of silver coins being landed on the shore and hauled up on the cliffs—strange cargo for lifeboats! More than forty trips were made altogether.

"AND EVERY SOUL WAS SAVED."

Last year, the Margate and Clacton-on-Sea lifeboats went out to the rescue of the trading vessel of Liverpool, *Hawkesdale*, which had run aground on the Long Sands. With great difficulty the twenty-four men of the crew were got safely on board, when a cat and dog on the ship were remembered. The dog was soon found and thrown from the deck to the friendly arms of the lifeboatmen, and the cat was discovered, after a search, asleep below decks.

One of the rescued crew nursed it on his knees for four hours whilst the boat was struggling back through heavy seas to Clacton, a distance of fifteen miles—and was afterwards awarded a large silver medal for his trouble.

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The lifeboatmen had refused to bring any cargo in the way of valuables away with them —but live ca o, even only a cat, was a different matter.

The Margate station can make the proud boast to-day that it is the finest lifeboat station in the world. There are two splendid new lifeboats of the best modern type stationed on either side of the pier's end, always ready for service on their slip-ways. They may be launched from the slip-ways into deep water in the twinkling of an eye. This is a great improvement on the old way of keeping the boats in houses on the beach, whence they often have to be carried to a convenient starting-place when tides are unfavourable.

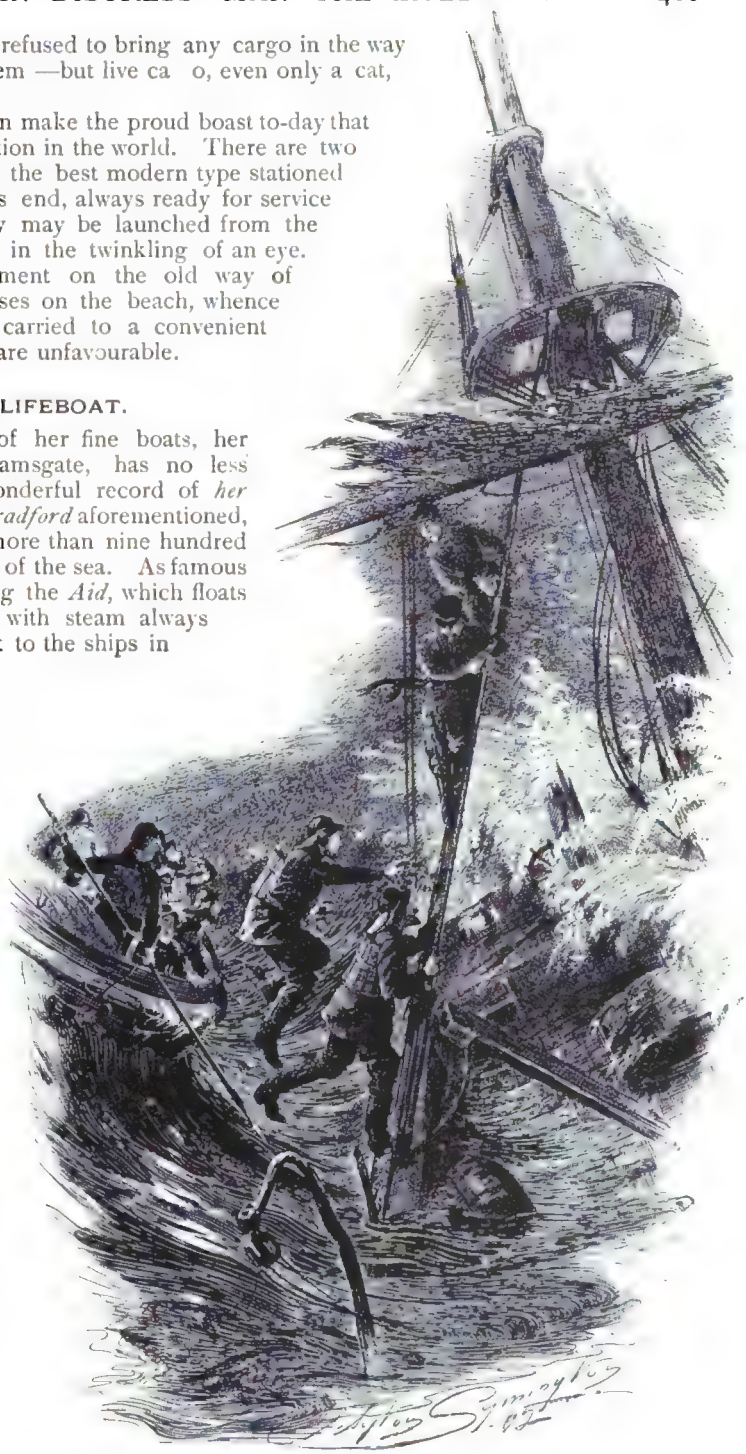
A FAMOUS LIFEBOAT.

If Margate is proud of her fine boats, her neighbour and rival, Ramsgate, has no less cause for pride in the wonderful record of *her* boat, the world-famous *Bradford* aforementioned, a boat that has rescued more than nine hundred persons from the dangers of the sea. As famous as the *Bradford* is her tug the *Aid*, which floats with her in the harbour, with steam always up, ready to tow her out to the ships in distress.

A FAMOUS RESCUE.

What could be finer than the story of the rescue of the Spanish brig *Samaritano* by the Ramsgate lifeboatmen, when she was wrecked on a sand-bank in a terrific wind and snow-storm, one February night a few years ago? An extraordinary chapter of accidents followed the first accident.

First, a Margate lugger put out to the rescue, and, though some of the crew went aboard the brig in a boat, the lugger herself could not get near enough to help; and the boat's crew, as well as the other hands on the brig, were soon forced to take to the rigging. A small Margate lifeboat came out, only to be driven to shore again, after hours of work; the large lifeboat



In one night the Ramsgate lifeboat rescued one hundred and twenty lives, including one hundred and four from an emigrant ship, which two lifeboatmen bravely boarded in spite of a fearfully high sea. To take off all the passengers and crew, several journeys had to be made, but, in spite of this, the lifeboat afterwards bravely put out to another wreck, and rescued sixteen more lives.

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followed, only to be wrecked also; and two luggers, undaunted, then beat to sea, but still without avail.

When word of these disasters reached Ramsgate, the *Aid* and the *Bradford* at once set out for the sands, twelve miles distant, where the wreck lay; the boat being towed at the end of a fifty fathom cable, as thick as a man's wrist. The waves rushed over the men, freezing them to the bone. A fearful sea caught them, and broke the tow-rope. With a new hawser, they rushed onward through the tempest. The coxswain of the boat could not see the steamer through the snow, though only a hundred yards ahead. Nor could the lookouts on the steamer find any trace of the wreck. Had she gone to pieces?

Suddenly, providentially, there came a rift in the snow, and there lay the tottering wreck close at hand, a flag of distress—the ensign union downwards—flying from the rigging.

Off with the tow-rope, up with the sail; but soon it was found that the tide was running so furiously that the boat must be towed at least three miles to the windward of the wreck before she could sail down upon it. Bitterly disappointed, the rope was got aboard again, the snow blotted out the wreck, and they battled on against wind and tide.

A twenty minutes struggle, and then the new tow-rope broke! Patience now gave way—the captain ordered the sail to be set, and down upon the sands bore the lifeboat. As the breakers swept and leapt over the gallant boat the men threw themselves breast down on their thwarts, entwined their legs and their arms around them, and so bent their backs to the water breaking over them in torrents. The wreck loomed before them. It was seen that the rigging was full of men.

At a distance of forty yards from the brig the boat's sail is lowered, the anchor cast, the cable is run out, and the boat sheers alongside the wreck.

Three men jump from the rigging, and then a tremendous wave comes rushing down on them. Only just in time is the cable hauled in, and the boat drawn back, for the wave would have smashed the boat to pieces against the wreck as though she had been an egg-shell.

Then, watching the waves, the cable is run out again, and this time thirteen men drop one by one into the lifeboatmen's arms. In the rigging there only remain now three half dead men. Two lifeboatmen, watching their chance, spring on the wreck, seize the three, and lift them into the boat; the cable is hauled in, and the lifeboat is drawn back so that she shall have room to sail by the wreck.

There is no chance of saving the anchor. "Cut the cable" is the word. One strand out of the three is severed, when such a hurricane sweeps past that mast and sail are blown clean out of the boat, and, caught in the rush of the waves, she is carried with the tide straight for the wreck. Let her but touch it and all is over. The men haul on the partly severed cable. Will it hold? A yard or two from the wreck it tightens, jerks, and there is safety for a moment.

The mast and sail are rigged and raised anew; the boat is hauled back from the wreck, the sail hoisted, the cable cut, and away leaps the noble boat over the raging seas. They run for the steamer, are taken in tow, and anon the light of Ramsgate pier shines out before them.

The Spanish captain caused a picture to be painted of the rescue scene, which he sent to his Government; and the Spanish Government presented each man of the lifeboat crew with a medal, and an award of £3.

THE DANGERS OF RESCUE.

In a hundred heroic adventures of the kind the *Bradford* and her nurse, as the *Aid* is called, have borne a noble part together. But one sensational rescue is on record when, for a while, the steamer lost her boon companion, and did not discover her again until she had returned, actually, to Ramsgate Harbour, with despair in the hearts of all the crew at the supposed loss of their comrades!

It was a wild, dark night when, together, they set out to the salvation of a Portuguese brig that had run, head on, on to the Sands. When they drew near the wreck the lifeboat left the tug, to sail over the wild surf to the rescue. All the wrecked sailors were taken safely on board; but no sooner was the attempt made to get away, than it was discovered that the boat had grounded heavily.

Now, the lifeboat was in appalling danger. At any moment the brig might heave over and crash down upon her, for the wreck lifted and lurched with every wave that struck her, and ever lurched nearer and nearer to the boat. Blocks, ropes, swaying yards, and fragments of sail swung over the boatmen's heads as they crouched together at the bottom of the lifeboat, gazing fearfully at the rolling wreck above them.

Minutes seemed hours as they waited for the brig to roll on them and crush them to

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death, or for the tide to rise and float them away. Again and again the brig swayed almost upon them, but righted herself just in time; but at last a little swell arose, and they pulled themselves just clear of the wreckage, and rode at anchor.

"Hoist the sail! Cut the cable! Away then!"

The boat, released, gave one terrific bound forward, and then grounded; and again the brig was tossing right above them.

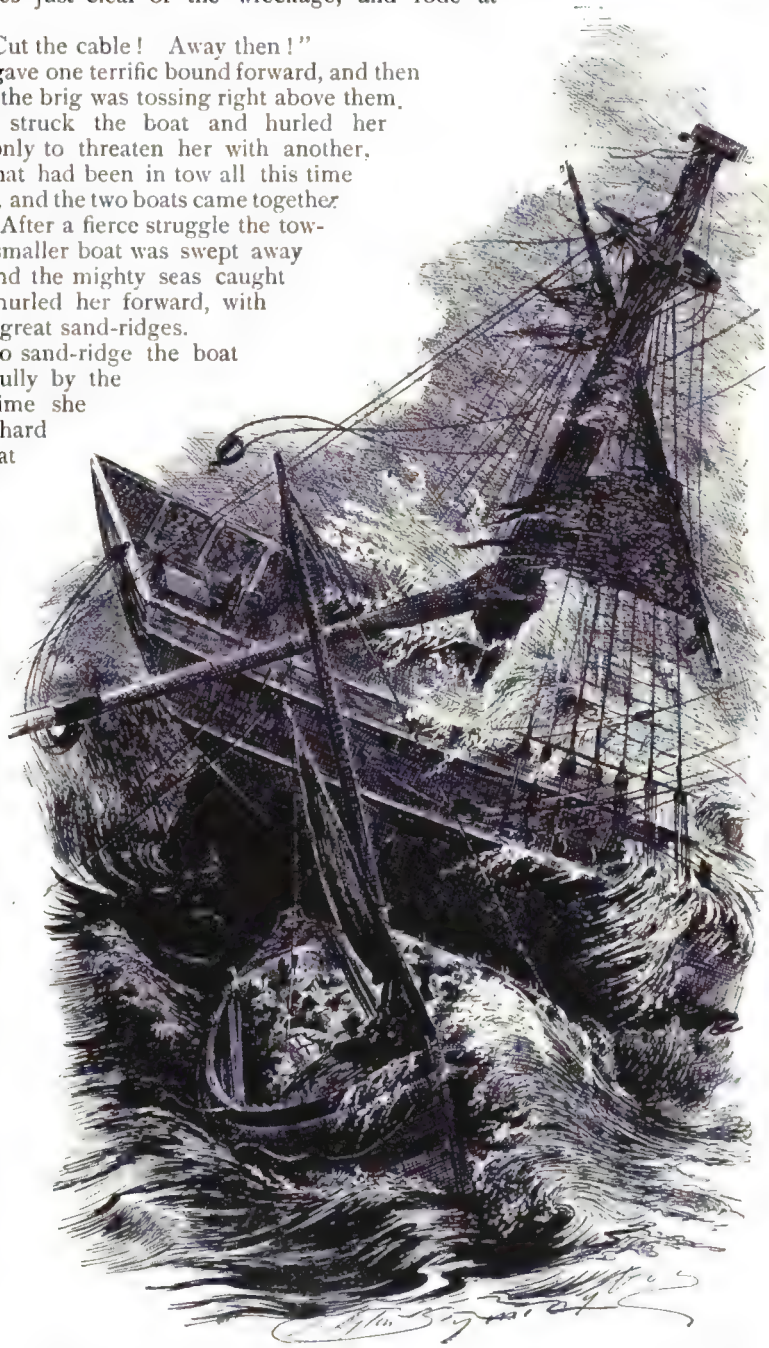
But mighty waves struck the boat and hurled her clear of this danger, only to threaten her with another, for a small lifeboat that had been in tow all this time suddenly swept round, and the two boats came together with a fearful crash. After a fierce struggle the tow-rope was cut and the smaller boat was swept away into the darkness; and the mighty seas caught up the lifeboat, and hurled her forward, with fearful force, over the great sand-ridges.

From sand-ridge to sand-ridge the boat was thrown unmercifully by the waves, and every time she crashed down upon the hard sand it seemed that she must go to pieces. And with each cruel thump the men's arms were almost pulled from their sockets, and the rush of the surf over the boat almost washed them overboard.

For two awful hours the seas played with the boat, beating her from ridge to ridge, until at last they drove her into deep water. The sail was hoisted, and away over the deep sea for Ramsgate Harbour rode the brave lifeboat.

The harbour was reached at five in the morning, and the battered boatmen staggered to their homes, after leaving the rescued brig's crew in safe hands, every man feeling as though every bone in his body were broken.

Meantime, the steamer had been vainly searching the sands for any sign of the lifeboat. At last,



The famous Ramsgate lifeboat *Bradford* on one stormy night had a terrible adventure. Her crew successfully reached the wreck they set out to succour, but, having got everyone aboard, the lifeboat grounded on the sand, and was for a long time in imminent danger of being crushed by the wreck. It was over two hours before the boatmen got clear of the sandbanks and under weigh for Ramsgate Harbour.

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abandoning the search, she made for Ramsgate Harbour, only to find the lifeboat there already, calmly riding in the smooth water!

HEROINES OF THE LIFEBOAT.

There are many other stories, but for an end let one speak to the fame of brave women.

Imagine Runswick, a little fishing village on the Yorkshire coast, snugly nestling beneath high cliffs. All the able-bodied men are away at sea in their fishing cobles on the night of April 12th, 1901. A wild sea springs up; watchers on the shore see the boats caught by the gale, labouring in mortal distress; it is a case for the lifeboat, and there is not a moment to lose.

By Fate's irony the very men who form the lifeboat crew are those now in peril. Old men, old and young women, fishers' mothers, and fishers' wives, look out in anguish at the waves. The most they can do is to make the lifeboat ready. This done, one of the cobles drives safely on to the shore. Her crew spring out, don lifebelts, old men and boys follow suit, and a scratch crew of twelve spring into the boat, the *Cape of Good Hope*.

And now, to launch the boat, the fishwives of Runswick spring into the sea, run her out on to the waves, and send her dancing out to the rescue.

The lifeboat stood by four of the cobles, and did not return until all of the fishing fleet who were in danger were rescued. It was 12.45 p.m. when the boat was launched by the women, and it was not until 2.30 that she came back to Runswick Bay. And all this time the fishwives, though drenched through and through by the sea, remained on the beach to be ready to tend to the needs of the rescued fishermen.

There are heroines, as well as heroes, in every story of the lifeboat.

The fishwives of Runswick once, when their husbands were nearly all at sea on a fishing cruise, themselves launched the lifeboat. A storm had suddenly sprung up, and the fishing fleet was in dire peril till the lifeboat came to their assistance.

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POLLY'S MUDDLE-PUDDLE STORY.

(*For the Children.*)

By M. Tindal.

Polly could tell a story as well as a fairy-book. And Eliza Ann could listen better than anyone. Made of sawdust and linen, bald-headed, lacking one eye, one leg, one arm, and two ears, she was Polly's dearest darling—as who should say, Polly's bosom confidante, or, in other words, Polly's daughter-confessor.

About six o'clock in the evening was Polly's great story-telling time. About six o'clock she would come upstairs after her daily hour in the drawing-room, and take up Eliza Ann in her arms, and seat herself in her own little armchair, and begin to tell those stories from the fairy-books that she had heard downstairs. Such stories!—such mixtures of stories!—muddle-puddle stories, *I* call them; but Eliza Ann never grew tired of listening to them.

This was Polly's favourite Muddle-Puddle story:

Once upon a time ever so long ago (Polly would say, though it couldn't have been so very long ago really) I went out for a walk in the wood all by myself, and as I went along, Eliza Ann, all by myself through the wood, a wolf came up to me, and he said: "Good afternoon, Miss Polly, may I carry your basket?"

Now, this was very kind of the wolf, wasn't it, to say good afternoon to me, and to offer to carry my basket? So I said:

"Cer'ainly, Mr. Wolf, and perhaps you will come with me to see Granny, who lives at the other side of the wood?"

"Cer'ainly," said Mr. Wolf, and he was such a very nice wolf, with a nice grey coat, which was almost black on the top part and almost white on the bottom part, and *such* a long head, Eliza Ann, and *such* pointed ears, and *such* straight long legs. "Cer'ainly," he said. "And how pretty you are, Miss Polly—really, you remind me of Red Riding Hood."

And that was very funny—that I should remind him of Red Riding Hood—for you know, Eliza Ann, I *was* Red Riding Hood then. And so I said:—

"Really, Mr. Wolf, that is very funny—that I should remind you of Red Riding Hood—for, you know, I *am* Red Riding Hood! Don't you see, that is why I have got on a red riding hood, and a red hat, and that is why I carry a basket, and am going through the wood to see Granny?"

"And I s'pose," said Mr. Wolf, "that must be why I met you?"

And so at this we both began to laugh very much. When we had done laughing, Mr. Wolf asked me kindly not to begin again, as he wanted to think about something—and when I asked him what, he said he was trying to think if this was really the Red Riding Hood story, and if so, what we ought to do. So Mr. Wolf began to think, and I began to think, and so we both went on thinking as hard as we could.

All of a sudden, I suddenly thought what we ought *not* to do, and just when I had thought of this, Mr. Wolf thought what he thought we *ought* to do.

"I know," he cried, jumping about with joy, "of course, if this is the Red Riding Hood

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story, we ought to play at Red Riding Hood."

But that, Eliza Ann, was just what I had thought we ought *not* to do—not on any account—and so I said:—

"No, thank you, Mr. Wolf," I said, "we'll only play the beginning part of *that* story, for I don't want you to try to eat me up, thank you, when we get to the end. No, thank you," I said. "We'll play Jack the Giant Killer, or Cinderella, or Three Bears *if* you like, but not Red Riding Hood to-day, thank you, Mr. Wolf," I said very firmly, but very politely. "Not to-day, thank you, Mr. Wolf," I said.

Mr. Wolf seemed rather sorry at this, but at last he said he would play Three Bears.

So we went on a little farther through the wood, looking for a nice place where we could play. Soon we came to an underground house, where three rabbits lived.

"Are you hungry, Miss Riding Hood?" said Mr. Wolf.

"Very," said I. "Are you, Mr. Wolf?"

"Very," said he. "And I vote we play Three Bears now."

"Where," I asked.

"Here," he said.

"But where are the bears?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "*Rabbits* will do just as well."

And he said he had thought of a lovely new game for us to play, which wasn't Red Riding Hood, as I objected to that, and wasn't Three Bears, as there were no bears, but was something like each of them, and it was a lovely story, Eliza Ann, and it was this. That first of all, as we were hungry, we would eat up the three rabbits' dinners, and then we would sit in the three rabbits' chairs to rest, and then we would go to sleep in the three rabbits' beds, and then, when the three rabbits came home, Mr. Wolf would catch them and kill them, and we would eat them for dinner.

And so we went into the rabbits' house, and in the first room were three basins of grass for the rabbits' dinner. And so Mr. Wolf ate up the grass belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit, and I ate up the grass belonging to young Baby Rabbit. And then we felt better and went into the next room.

And here were three chairs. And so Mr. Wolf sat first in old Mr. Rabbit's chair, and then in old Mrs. Rabbit's chair, and I sat in the chair belonging to young Baby Rabbit—but they were such silly little chairs, Eliza Ann, only made of twigs, that Mr. Wolf broke the two chairs that he sat upon, and I broke the chair that I sat upon. And then we felt rested, and went into the next room.

And there were three beds.

And so Mr. Wolf said he would get into the bed belonging to old Mr. Rabbit, and I said I would get into the bed belonging to young Baby Rabbit.

"You must lie quite still in old Mr. Rabbit's bed."

So Mr. Wolf got into the bed of old Mr. Rabbit, and pulled the bedclothes up over him, and I helped to tuck him in.

"Now, we must wait until the rabbits come home," said Mr. Wolf.

"I do hope they won't be long," I said, for I was still very hungry.

"I do hope so," said Mr. Wolf, "for I am so hungry I don't know what to do. Heigh-ho! I do wish they would hurry up. Suppose we play Red Riding Hood just to pass the time," said Mr. Wolf. "Let's pretend that I'm the wolf that has eaten your Granny, and you pretend that you are little Red Riding Hood. That will be a fine game to pass the time with," said Mr. Wolf, "and as you know you *are* Red Riding Hood, it will be so easy for you to *pretend* you are."

But I wasn't going to play *that* game Eliza, Ann—not on any account. And so I said:

"No, thank you, Mr. Wolf, we won't play at *that* game—not on any account—for I know what you want. You want me to say—

"'What big *ears* you've got, Granny,' and you will say—

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"'All the better to hear with, my dear.' And then you want me to say—

"'What big *eyes* you've got, Granny,' and you will say—

"'All the better to see with, my dear.' And then you want me to say—

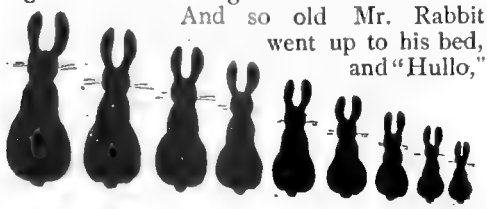
"'What big *teeth* you've got, Granny,' and you will say—

"'All the better to eat you up with, my dear,' and then you will jump out of bed, and eat me up.

"No, thank you, Mr. Wolf," I said. "We won't play *that* game to-day, thank you. Now don't forget this is *not* Red Riding Hood, and not Three Bears, but only a muddle-puddle story. You must lie quite still in old Mr. Rabbit's bed, and I am going to get into young Baby Rabbit's bed, and lie quite still there, and then we'll wait until the rabbits come home."

And so I pulled the clothes again over Mr. Wolf, and he lay quite still in old Mr. Rabbit's bed, and I got into young Baby Rabbit's bed, and lay quite still there, and we waited for the rabbits to come home. We waited and waited, and then at last we heard the rabbits come in, and go into the first room. And there *was* a commotion (when the rabbits found that all their grass had been eaten). And so they went into the next room, and there was a *terrible* fuss (when they found that all their chairs had been broken). And so they came into the next room, where Mr. Wolf and I were hiding.

"At any rate," said old Mrs. Rabbit, "no one's been sleeping in my *bed*." And she began to undress to go to bed.



And so old Mr. Rabbit went up to his bed, and "Hullo," he growled—seeing the bed-clothes all untidy—"someone's been sleeping in *my* bed," and then he saw Mr. Wolf!

"My word," he said, "it's Mr. Wolf!"

And then young Baby Rabbit went up to his bed, and "Hullo," he squeaked, "who's been sleeping in *my* bed?" and then he saw me!

"My word," he said, "it's Miss Riding Hood!"

And then Mr. Wolf got up and shook himself, and said:

"Hullo, you rabbits, we are very glad to see you, Miss Riding Hood and I, for we are ever so hungry, and you will make a capital dinner."

I gave him a big hug.

And up got Mr. Wolf, and began to catch the three rabbits. But they didn't like this at all, and ran away as fast as they could. They ran under the beds, and over the beds, on to the tables, and off the tables, into the fire-place, and out of the fire-place, twisting and turning, squeaking and squirming—but the faster they ran the faster Mr. Wolf ran. And so he killed old Mr. Rabbit and old Mrs. Rabbit, and young Baby Rabbit, and I cooked a rabbit pie, and we enjoyed ourselves ever so.

And then Mr. Wolf said really he must go, or Mrs. Wolf would be making a fuss; and so we said good-bye, and I gave him a big hug, and he went to *his* home and I went to *my* home. And then—

And then at this point Polly nearly always fell asleep, and so that was the end of the Muddle-Puddle story so far as Eliza Ann was concerned. The real end of this story is that Polly was put to bed and slept until next morning.

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PORTABLE RAILWAYS

Pioneers of the Portable Railway.

The Latest Departure in Railways—not only do Portable Railways Carry Passengers, but they also can be Easily Carried—Engine, Railroad, and Trucks—from Place to Place.

By W. G. FitzGerald.

There are far more curious trading establishments in London than a walk down Regent Street would lead you to suppose.

What would you think of a London "shop" where you could walk in and say to the proprietor: "I want a railway ten miles long for my estate in Queensland, with three or four three-ton locomotives, each costing not more than £335. Can you send the whole of the ten miles of track, waggons, locomotives, switches, turntables, and the rest, out to Brisbane by the next steamer, and so arrange it for me that the whole concern when finished with in one place can be taken a hundred miles away and used for some other purpose?"

Well, there are several London "shops" who would not be in the least startled by such a proposition. Or if you live abroad you can cable over in code words and order a portable railway complete, just as you would order a dress suit in Conduit Street. For example, if you cable the word "Pubs" to one great firm of contractors they would know that you were insinuating nothing nasty, but that you merely meant "wheels required ten inches in diameter."

There are portable railways where you would least expect them — in the great subterranean champagne cellars at Epernay, for example; and you may even come across one in the arena of a show, as at the combined display of all arms in the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall. This brand of railway is warranted "ready for use on arrival at destination," and additional recommendations are that it "can be stored in small space," or "laid and taken up in a very short space of time."

This "military" portable railway is frequently laid down in coal, salt, and other mines. It is specially arranged in sections for transport by mules over wild country to where it is to be laid down. Curves, crossings, stages, etc., are all complete in ready-made sections.

Your portable railway is delivered on board ship in the London docks; your stumpy little locomotives nicely packed, and your miles of line in convenient lengths, bolted to sleepers, and all arranged to be laid down by inexperienced natives, almost as easily as you would put down the carpet in a new flat.

The railway can even be laid over loose débris and rubbish of every kind, as, for example, one that was laid over masses of sugar cane at the Homebush Plantation,

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A portable railway in Natal, used on a sugar plantation. The motive power is neither steam, compressed air, nor electricity—but simply mules. This railway cost £400 a mile; it has a 2 ft. gauge, and its great advantage lies in the fact that it can be bodily moved by unskilled labour alone.

belonging to the Colonial Sugar Refining Company in Queensland. There were five six-ton locomotives employed on this excellent specimen of a portable railway, which was fifty miles long, and employed one thousand two hundred and fifty tiny waggons. Five hundred tons of sugar cane were handled every day.

You cannot get a much smaller engine than one of two tons (four wheels coupled), and this will cost you every bit of £300. A rail weighing only twelve pounds per yard will carry this little fellow, and he can be relied upon to go at from six to ten miles an hour. On a level road he is good for twenty-five tons or so. Of course you can easily pay over a thousand pounds for your engine, and then there is 5 per cent. extra for packing him up and putting him on board ship.

When you order a portable railway the "shop" man is very inquisitive. Before he carries out your order and delivers the goods he wants to know what you want the railway for; at what intervals are fresh water and fuel available; all about the inclines, loads, goods, etc., etc. You see, you would want a very different truck in a granite quarry from the waggon required for such bulky goods as sugar cane or cotton plants. Brick fields, again, call for an entirely distinct truck, for carrying both wet and burnt bricks, and such trucks will cost you £4 or £5 each. The sleepers are usually of steel, and if the rails weigh twenty pounds to the yard, the system will cost you £480 per mile of one thousand nine hundred and twenty sleepers.

The success of a portable railway depends, firstly, on maximum strength and minimum weight; then, all pieces must be interchangeable and portable, so as to be easily handled by one or two men. Moreover, no skilled labour must be required, as these lines are often laid down in the wildest and most remote parts of the globe.

The "permanent way" is never permanent; and the whole concern is liable to be moved. You can have passenger cars, of course, so adapted that if you have no more fuel for your engine, or water is very precious, you can take the locomotive away altogether, and substitute a bullock or a pony. These passenger waggons are also made to take into small pieces for shipment. A portable railway passenger waggon for sixteen persons will cost you £32.

It is very interesting to watch the laying

An Australian railway—it is used for the transportation of sugar in sacks. When one planter has done with it for the season, it is by mutual arrangement passed on to another.

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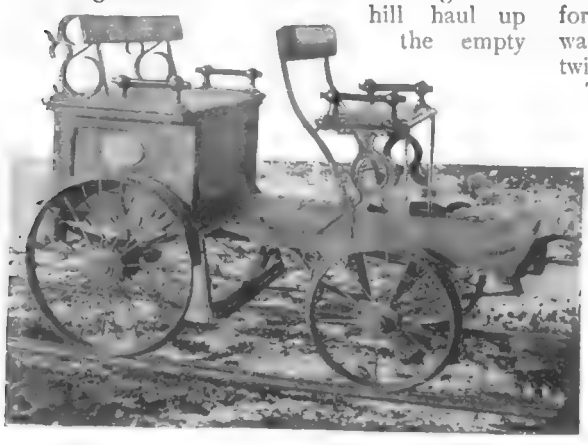
On some of these small railways vehicles can be drawn by horses, as on an ordinary tram line, when the locomotive is not on a journey.

of a portable railway, for example, the one that was laid down on the Tjepper Sugar Estate in Java. Here each bolted section of the line was suspended on poles from the shoulders of four niggers, and they simply walked ahead and deposited their load on the ground, when other more expert workmen came along and bolted the sections together.

There is no end to the ingenuity of these things, and in forests in Roumania you will see portable railways which act like magic. The system is so ingeniously arranged that the loaded cars running down hill haul up the empty ones. The same locomotive-less system is in vogue in the granite quarries of Kis-Sebes in Hungary. It is a great idea so to take advantage of gravitation.



An electric motor for the use of two passengers who are desirous of travelling on a portable railway.

Sometimes the builders of locomotive railways receive orders for very costly toys; and a Stafford firm once built a portable railway, costing many hundreds of pounds, in a nobleman's park. The gauge was eighteen inches, and the rails weighed ten pounds to the yard. There was a small carriage to carry six persons, and a brake van was provided. I believe the lucky boy for whom this extensive and expensive toy was ordered came to grief with it once or twice, and finally it was sold.

The beet sugar mills of Holland have a curious little portable electric field-railway; and there are any number of self-acting inclines throughout the German Empire.

The idea of a newspaper having a portable railway for bringing its great reels of paper backwards and forwards seems curious, but the *Essener Anzeiger* is so provided; whilst the shooting ranges at Döberitz have an interesting little portable railway for carrying timber for the targets. Portable railways are often laid down at great industrial exhibitions, as, for example, the one at Nijni Novgorod.

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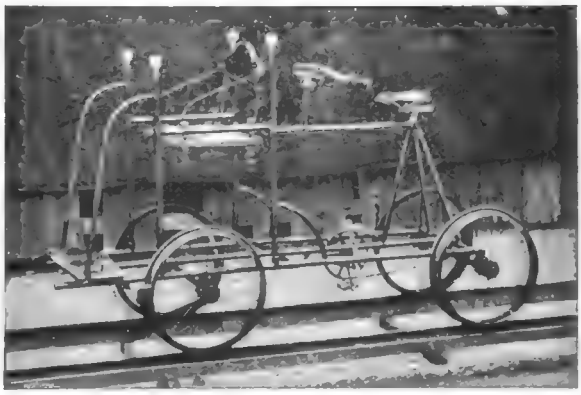
The gold mines of Johannesburg are alive with these interesting little systems, and the great sugar-cane plantations of Natal are also served by them.

In the forests of Sumatra there are many curious portable railways where in the dry season, when water is scarce, bullocks are substituted for the locomotives. The gold mines of Western Australia, and the great sugar firms of Queensland, are provided with these wonderful systems of transport, and portable railways, neatly packed, have arrived in Port Moresby for the tobacco plantations of New Guinea.



A bicycle made for two; generally the passenger sits in the front seat, and gets a native of the country in which the railway is placed to do the pedalling.

The sugar of the Sandwich Islands is transported in like manner, and smart little "sugar" lines have been sent out in the flowering season to the West Indies, Chili, Peru, the Argentine, and the Philippines. They are even appearing in the dye-wood forests of far distant Yucatan, the silver mines of Mexico, the coffee fields of the Cordilleras, the saltpetre works of Chili, and the slaughter houses of Uruguay.

When these interesting lines are injured by earthquakes or savage natives, and no locomotive is immediately available, an inspector can proceed to the scene of the breakage on a very ingenious form of railway bicycle, which could also be used by linemen, physicians going to urgent cases, travelling auditors, etc., etc.

One of these peculiar cycles will weigh about sixty pounds, and a speed of twenty miles an hour can be obtained without much trouble, owing to the contact of metal with metal, the use of ball bearings, etc. An extra front seat can be provided for lines where native labour is cheap and the white man disinclined to work. A light railway motor-car for use on the track, and more particularly for small picnic and excursion parties up to eighteen or twenty persons, is now about to be introduced, the agent for the United Kingdom being that well-known railway expert, Mr. John Milliken, of Belfast. Railway velocipedes worked by levers, as distinguished from pedal movement, will cost from £11 to £30.

A Java railway. The motive power is provided by oxen when water is scarce in the dry season.

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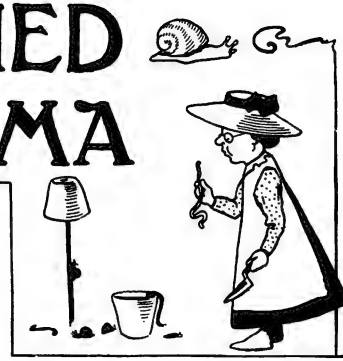
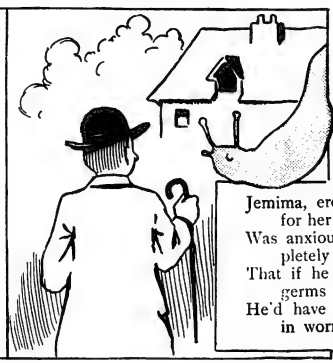
LEARNED JEMIMA



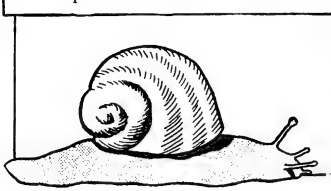
It was a learned lady and she hankered
for renown,
Her father was professor in a little country
town.
She studied Physiology and lived on
friendly terms
With all the garden creepy things, par-
ticularly worms.



But when she reached the charming age
when woman's at her best,
A literary gentleman betrayed an interest,
Although for Physiology he didn't care
a pin.
He called to see her father when her
father wasn't in.

Jemima, ere she countenanced proposals
for her hand,
Was anxious that her lover should com-
pletely understand
That if he incubated all these amatory
germs
He'd have to simulate a decent interest
in worms.

The day arrived, the guests were there,
and brightly shone the sun
When Mr. Jacob Jackson and Jemima
were made one.
They did their honeymooning in a corner
of the Fens,
Where Jacob hunted verses and Jemima
specimens



They settled down in harmony to start
their married life;
But sad to say it wasn't long before they
came to strife.
Jemima's slugs had got a knack, as
Jacob quickly found,
Of straying from their domicile and
hunting round and round.

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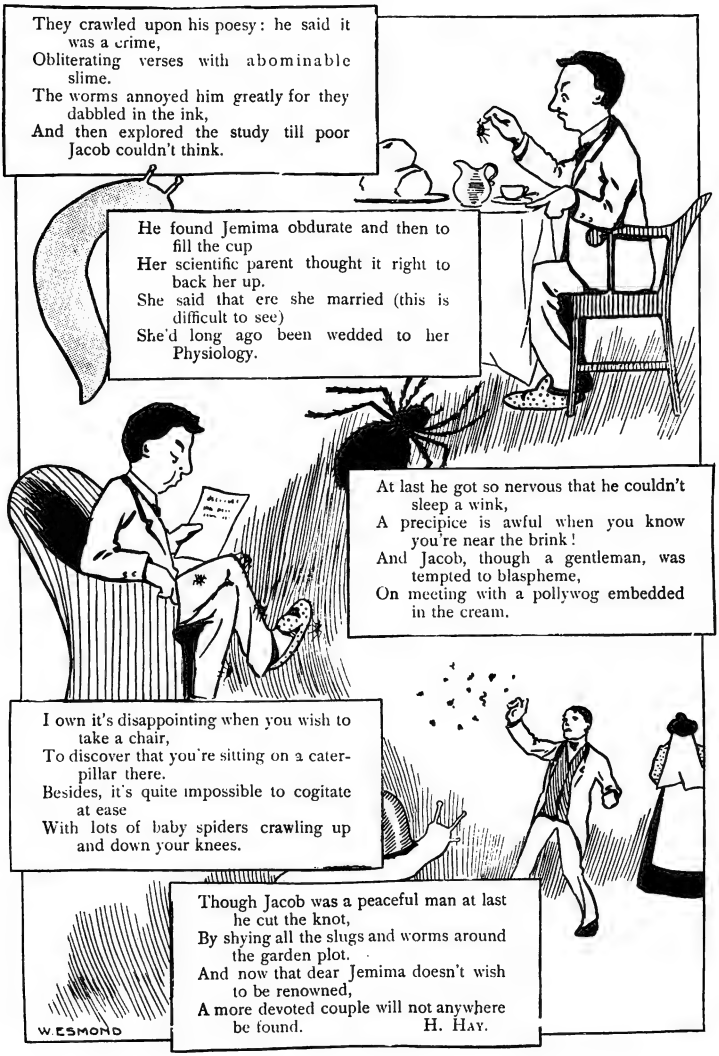
They crawled upon his poesy: he said it
was a crime,
Obliterating verses with abominable
slime.
The worms annoyed him greatly for they
dabbled in the ink,
And then explored the study till poor
Jacob couldn't think.
He found Jemima obdurate and then to
fill the cup
Her scientific parent thought it right to
back her up.
She said that ere she married (this is
difficult to see)
She'd long ago been wedded to her
Physiology.
At last he got so nervous that he couldn't
sleep a wink,
A precipice is awful when you know
you're near the brink!
And Jacob, though a gentleman, was
tempted to blaspheme,
On meeting with a pollywog embedded
in the cream.
I own it's disappointing when you wish to
take a chair,
To discover that you're sitting on a cater-
pillar there.
Besides, it's quite impossible to cogitate
at ease
With lots of baby spiders crawling up
and down your knees.
Though Jacob was a peaceful man at last
he cut the knot,
By shying all the slugs and worms around
the garden plot.
And now that dear Jemima doesn't wish
to be renowned,
A more devoted couple will not anywhere
be found.
H. Hay.
W. ESMOND

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THE LIFE BETWEEN

By DOROTHY LUKE.

TILL within the last three years it had always been Charlie who had the luck. Not that he didn't deserve it, for a kinder-hearted man never existed.

He and I, Montague Herrick, had been brought up together. I had been orphaned at an early age, and it was natural enough that my paternal uncle, Lord Elsham, should take me over, especially as he needed a companion for Charlie, who was the heir and an only child.

I was the elder of the two, and I very soon found that all Charlie's scrapes and backslidings were laid at my door by my uncle. So I took the lad in hand with a vengeance. I dragged him up, form after form, with me, and, though he was usually near the bottom before examination times, I crammed him until he scraped through. He was remarkably bright, also remarkably lazy.

What scrapes I couldn't pull him out of I had to take the blame for.

Then came the question of choosing my profession. I was born to lead a country life I knew. My tendencies were all that way. I could manage the Elsham estate, and enjoyed every department of the work, having had to do it once in the prolonged absence of the agent.

My wish was to live in the country and make my name as a cricketer. I begged to be allowed to take a post as estate agent after I had finished a course at Oxford. But my uncle pooh-poohed the whole idea. There had always been a soldier in the family. My father was one, and so I must be one too.

So a soldier I became.

* * * * *

Before I went to India I met Lilian Suffield and loved her. And just as I thought I was winning my way with her she met Charlie—Charlie with his gaiety and charm. I had no chance after he came, and was glad to be ordered away from England.

And then, in the midst of hard work during famine time, I heard of the marriage.

The work was terrible, but I was sorry when it was over.

I disliked India, the heat, the life, and my profession. I longed for England, the hunting, the cricket, and all the other joys which seem even more desirable when unattainable.

During the next year came the news of the birth of a son to Charlie. Then, indeed I was eclipsed. Another life between me and the life I longed for.

However, I had little time to think about that. There was a small frontier war which gave me the chance to win my spurs, and shortly after that came the news of the old earl's death.

I had not long to wait for the letter I expected from Charlie, beseeching me to come home and look after things for him. How could I with Lilian there? And how could I tell him? I made the best excuse I could and stayed away.

Two years later he was killed out hunting.

* * * * *

I had no choice. I was obliged to go to the rescue. Lilian was the most unpractical woman I had ever known.

When I got to England there was much to be done. During her few months of widowhood Lilian had proved quite incapable of keeping any sort of control over a dishonest agent—so had poor Charlie for that matter—and the place wanted attention in every way. Lilian and the child were living with her mother, and for nearly the whole time of my leave it required my constant attention to put the estate as I wished before I passed it into the hands of a capable agent.

This was the bitterest part of my life, I think. Here was I working all the time of my furlough that I had been looking forward to all these years for the child whom I had never seen and never wished to see, the life that stood between me and the fruits of my work.

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Before my leave was up I sent for Lilian to come to Elsham, if only for a few days, to have the working of the place explained, and to help me choose an agent.

She had been left sole executor and guardian of the child. No one was less fitted for the position, and so I wanted to put in a manager whom I could thoroughly trust to look after everything for her. But, of course, I could do nothing without her sanction.

She came back to Elsham with her sister.

I loved her more than ever. All these years her image had been with me, and now that I saw her my love was almost too great to hide.

It didn't prove an easy task to find a suitable agent, and once when I had ridden with Lilian over part of the estate and explained some of the things it was necessary for her to understand she tried me too far.

"I can never manage these people, Montague!" she explained with a pout. "You know I can't. It is absurd, not to say brutal, of you to bother me with it at all."

"But you must, Lilian," I explained for the twentieth time. "Someone must keep an eye on even the most honest of agents."

"Then why can't you? You could do it quite well, only you're too selfish. You won't because—yes, I know quite well, it's because Geoff has cheated you out of it all."

Her eyes shone with indignation.

"Lilian," I interrupted gravely. "There is no life I should love so much as looking after an estate like this. In fact, I mean to do it in the course of a few years. But it will never be this place I'll look after. I can never live here."

Lilian was silent.

"I never meant to tell you, Lilian," I continued, "but I think you have brought it on yourself to-day. I love you. I always have loved you, and I always shall. So you see that it is hardly selfishness that keeps me away."

"I had no idea you cared," answered Lilian quietly. Her momentary anger had died away; it never was long lived.

She looked up at me. Her eyes were full of tears. Was it pity?

"Believe me, Monty," she said earnestly, "I never knew you cared. But still, you know, I don't see that—that—that you need go back to India."

I had no chance after he came.

"Lilian!" I exclaimed. And then I knew. My luck was changing at last.

I found it necessary to go to India after all for a short time, but Lilian went with me.

We were married very quietly in London, and went to India for our wedding trip.

My happiness had but one blemish—Lilian's love for her child. She was always

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thinking of him, always writing him long letters. Sometimes I felt quite jealous. Was I, after all, to play second fiddle to the end of my days? The child would, of course, look upon me as a supplanter. He would naturally dislike me. I was prepared for that, and if Lilian always put him first I was afraid my prejudice against him would turn to positive dislike. However, I never for a moment let Lilian dream that I objected to this natural and noble love of hers for her child.

"He is dreadfully spoilt, you know," said Lilian. "You will have to get some influence over him."

I fully meant to, but I wondered how Lilian would like it. Imagine her anger if I found it necessary to chastise her treasure!

We returned to England at the earliest possible moment, and to Elsham where the child was awaiting us.

I left them together—mother and son—for the whole of that first day.

He seemed a quiet enough little fellow, quite different to my idea of him. He returned his mother's welcoming kiss affectionately, but not boisterously, with his eyes fixed on me. Haunting eyes they were too.

There was much to be done on my first arrival, many things to be gone into, and I thought it as well to leave Lilian and her boy alone together. Unless the child proved too obstreperous, we should soon shake into shape.

On the third day after our return I was interrupted in my study by a knock, a very gentle knock, at the door.

"Faver, may I come in?" I started. Was it the child? I was quite unprepared for the title, and it took my breath away.

"Come in," I said. He did so shyly with hands behind his back. He was dressed in black velvet with a lace collar and a sash round his waist. I mentally made a note of that. It must be changed. He must be made a man of. I owed him that, and I was certainly prepared to do my duty by him.

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

He didn't seem to understand the question, so I put it in another form—

"What do you want, my boy?"

"I just came to see you," he began timidly. "May I?"

"By all means." It seemed to have cost the child an effort, to judge by his appearance, to beard the lion in his den. I was greatly relieved that he had done so. If the child made advances then my task of making the best of him would be easier.

He sat quite quietly beside me while I went into some accounts, and when the cart came round to take me to an important appointment in the nearest town he asked for permission to go with me.

"But your mother?" I said, hesitating. I was utterly taken aback by such advances.

"You ask her," he said, slipping his hand into mine. I did so, and he came with me.

Then he took to invading my dressing-room too. Seldom, in fact, was I in the house without his young lordship finding me out. And gradually I looked upon it all as a matter of course, but found it difficult to prevent him neglecting his mother.

I spoke to Lilian about the child's dress and told her my reasons for wishing a change. Lilian was very grave.

"Monty," she said, "I don't think you can ever make him the kind of boy you want him to be. I have never told you, but I'm afraid I must. You notice how he haunts you. I wouldn't have allowed it if I had seen that it bored you. But, as it is, I encourage it; I have every reason to, dear. The child is a dear good boy, but he is an absolute coward. I hoped that being with you so much would teach him to take things as a matter of course, and it has to some extent. But go slowly with him. Make him a man if you can, but remember I love my son as he is. I'll change his clothes if you wish it and cut his hair."

"Lilian, whatever makes you think that about the child?"

But even as she spoke I knew she was right. I remembered several instances now that I had had my attention drawn to the fact. Only yesterday the horse in the cart shied—the child nearly fainted. I didn't connect the two at the time.

"And yet he always comes with me of his own wish in the dog-cart," I said.

"Yes, with you, but never with me. I believe you inspire him with a little confidence."

"He'll have to learn to ride some time, Lilian. We must train him to have nerve."

"I shall be terrified. Never let me know when he rides, Monty. I suppose his cowardice comes from me."

There was another thing that puzzled me about the boy. He was the most unchildlike child I had ever known, and he was only six years old. His mother worshipped him; he was made much of by the whole household; every one was his slave; he had everything to make him happy as far as one could see. And yet he was not happy. What was wanting?

One day at last I found it out.

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He was sitting on my dressing-room floor, my stud box open before him.

"Geoff," I said, "what would you like most in the world?" The child blushed and hung his head.

"Come," I said, "what would give you most fun? What would make you laugh and have great times?"

He came up to me and looked me straight in the face.

"Most of all in the world," he said, "I want you to love me."

I stared at the child. Then I tried to make the most of the opportunity. I took him on my knee and promised that I should always love him if he would do as I told him, and try to be the kind of boy I wanted him to be.

And this was the boy who stood between me and immense riches, between me and his mother's absolute love!

All that day the boy was as happy and bright as anyone could wish. I heard his laugh ring out joyously many times, and so he continued until the riding lessons began.

I chose a quiet and suitable pony and began the lessons. I saw his fright, it was pitiable, but I took no notice and never mentioned the subject to him. For the first fortnight I always led the pony, after that I took him out with the leading rein. For an hour before and quite an hour after the lesson the boy trembled and looked pale. But in my ignorance I saw no other way of curing him.

When he learned how simple it was to manage a horse he would gain confidence for other things. It was far greater than mere nervousness this failing of his; it was sheer cowardice. He was terrified of dogs, even of cats.

The first day I meant him to ride without me at the horse's head he was waiting with me for his pony to come round. My horse came with it. The boy understood.

"Must I?" he said.

"Elsham,"—I always called him that when I wished to rouse his dignity—"you know how to sit a horse now. We must not stay always at the first step."

"If you want me to, I'll try," he answered simply. He got along all right, but as I took him off his pony he was shaking. Something moved me, and I bent down and kissed him. The groom stared; he too saw the child's condition.

We did not ride for a week after that. Then I thought by that time he must have recovered his small amount of nerve.

All went well until I told him that he must ride alone. I pretended not to notice his face as I told him.

We were to go out the next morning, and I think I dreaded the ordeal as much as the boy did. I did not say anything to Lilian.

Before mounting the boy I carefully examined the bit and the girths. Everything seemed right. The pony was a most docile little beast.

I mounted the boy, and even as I did so the pony fidgeted. I soothed him.

"I'll have the leading-rein after all," I said.

I'd seen the lad's appealing look. I could not withstand it. It was cruelty to frighten the child so.

I held my horse while the groom went for the rein. I was to ride Turk that day, a valuable beast with plenty of spirit. He showed it on this occasion and began jumping around, chafing at the delay. This excited the pony, he started off. I ran and tried to catch the reins, and in so doing lost the hold of my own horse.

I saw the imploring face of the boy as he passed and heard his low cry.

"Father!"

"Try to hold him in, old chap," I shouted. "Grip with your knees. I'll be up with you in a minute."

But it was some minutes before Turk allowed himself to be caught, and by that time the pony was well on his way through the park making for the adjacent meadows. There was a gate—I could see it in the distance. It would turn the pony back. But even as I mounted Turk I saw the pony fly over the gate quite easily.

I urged on my horse, knowing that all depended on him. In that meadow there was a disused gravel pit. The railing round it was not built to withstand such force as seemed likely now to assail it. The pony was making straight for it, as straight as a die.

The boy was done for. He was sticking to that pony as if he were part of it. It was his only chance to fall off, and yet I'd told him to hold on, and knew he'd try for all he was worth.

He would be too terrified to guide the pony and, in any case, he would hardly realise the danger of the pit. . . .

Then at last all would be mine. The thought entered my mind as I flew through the air, and I uttered a curse. The world would say it was my fault. Well, I knew better. Let them say I'd done it on purpose, if they wished. What did I care?

Yet something sent a pang of intense agony suddenly through my soul. It was the

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I saw his pony swerve; then my horse jumped—and I knew no more.

lad's face as he passed, his appeal to "Father," the remembrance of his words: "Most of all in the world I want you to love me."

Love him? *I loved him better than my life.* And now I knew it, and I was helpless to save him—my son by his own adoption, my son, whom I loved.

His was the life between. Again I heard his cry: "Father." The life between me and what—eternal remorse, eternal sorrow . . .

"I must, I must, I will save him," I muttered. I stuck the spurs into Turk. He went as I had never thought it possible for horse to go; it seemed as if he realised my dire need. He was doing his best. . . .

There was but one little chance of saving the boy. I might do it; ten to one I couldn't. The pony was heading for the pit. Turk and I must get between and turn him back. We would fall into the pit ourselves and most likely be killed. What matter? The boy would be saved. We were nearly up to them—they were just on the pit. I could do it—and yet I couldn't! We had done it. I saw his pony swerve; then my horse jumped—and I knew no more.

* * * * *

For weeks I lay between life and death. Even now they say I will not recover. They told me so when I asked them, these learned doctors, but I know better. I must. Who can look after the boy and guard him as I can? I am a man and a strong one, and he needs a strong arm to lean on. The boy is mine, my son. I will live.

When I was strong enough to notice, the child was always by me; he refused to leave. I told him he must go out. Again came the question:

"Must I do it? Do you wish it?"

I nodded. Speaking was difficult.

"Come back soon," I murmured as he passed, and his face shone.

He stopped to wave his hand at the door.

Yes, indeed, for his sake I must live.

They told me that Turk was killed as we fell into the pit, and they thought I, too, was dead at first.

The groom had given the alarm, and they caught the pony shortly after the accident. The boy was all right.

So for my son I will live—to keep watch and ward over the weaker vessel.

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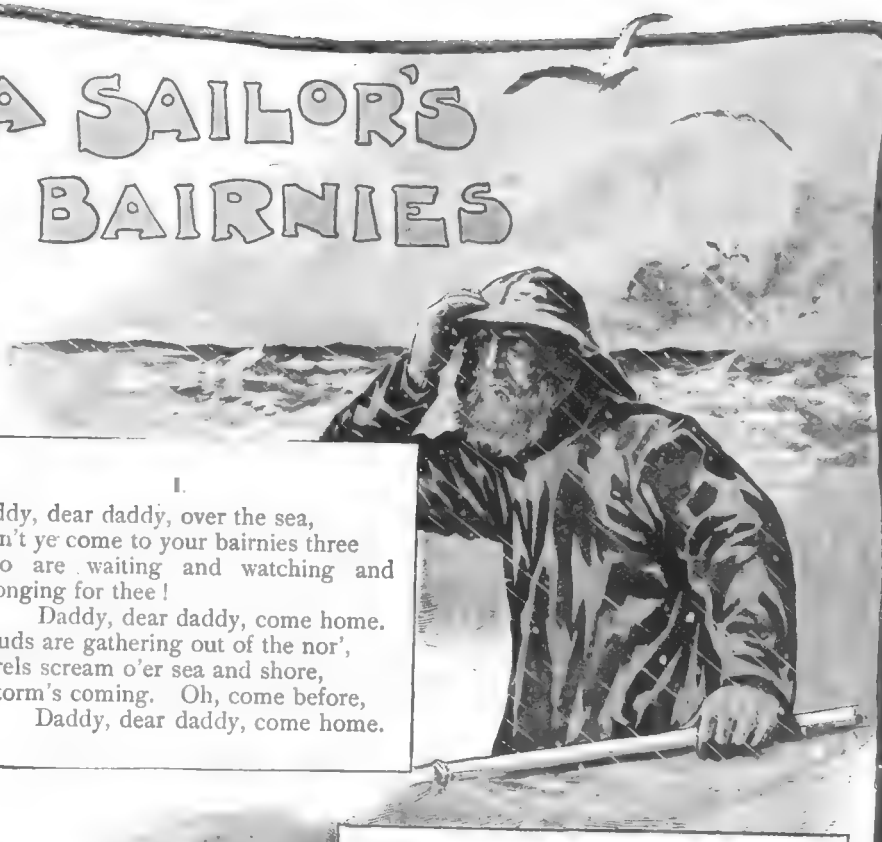
A SAILOR'S BAIRNIES



I.

Daddy, dear daddy, over the sea,
Won't ye come to your bairnies three
Who are waiting and watching and longing for thee!
Daddy, dear daddy, come home.
Clouds are gathering out of the nor',
Petrels scream o'er sea and shore,
A storm's coming. Oh, come before,
Daddy, dear daddy, come home.

II.

Daddy, our cot is cold and bare,
No warm fire, no food is there,
My tears fall down, with none to care,
Daddy, dear daddy, come home;
Mother has gone, so far away,
The angels took her, she could not stay,
But she said you'd be sure to come some day,
Daddy, dear daddy, *come* home.

G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE.

LAWSON WOOD. 1902

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A Kentish hop-field before a hailstorm, every pole covered with lovely foliage,—

——and the same field after the storm, the poles stripped bare as a forest in winter.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

The Editor of THE ROYAL *has an Unlimited Opening for Curious and Interesting Photographs. He Hopes that his Readers will Submit to him All they Possess. For All those that he is Able to Use, Liberal Payment will be made.*

HOPS AND HAIL.

We all know that Kent is the Garden of England, and when the Garden of England has a bad year—well, England suffers in consequence. When, a year back, a terrific hailstorm broke over the Medway just about the time of the hop picking, the damage to the hops and apple orchards was reckoned at £100,000.

Whole fields of hops were absolutely denuded of their abundant foliage. The orchards, too, suffered severely, and the few apples that escaped the storm were unfit for eating purposes, and could only be cooked or made into cider.

In the greenhouses thousands of panes of glass were broken, while peaches, apricots, and valuable plants were destroyed.

The hop-field in the first photograph was, in the space of a few minutes, changed to the wintry-looking forest of hop-poles.

On the Maidstone road the drifts of hailstones were as much as three feet thick, and some stones were measured and found to be almost two inches in diameter.

A little boy in a shell of a 13·5 naval gun.

A STRANGE SHELL FISH.

Here is a section of a 13·5 naval gun with a merry little youngster standing in it. If the shell were to be used the boy would, of course, be taken out, and a charge of 85lbs. of powder put in instead. The gun itself weighs sixty-seven tons. On first class battleships of the *Royal Sovereign* type there are four of these huge guns. The photograph was taken in the Ammunition Room of the Naval School of Gunnery at Whale Island, near Portsmouth. Whale Island is officially a ship, and goes under the name of H.M.S. Excellent. Like Ascension Island in the Atlantic, Whale Island belongs to the Admiralty, and has a naval officer in command, and is "manned" by navy men. The young gunner in charge of the shell is five years old, and not very high as yet, but you wait till he is a few years older and two or three feet bigger, and then see what a gallant sailor he will make. The photograph is by C. Cozens, of Southsea.

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A PRANK PLAYED BY LIGHTNING.

You see these three coins in the accompanying photograph? They were carried in the pocket of a labourer, who, while on his way to work, was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. Time went on, and he did not reappear, so a search party was formed, and the luckless man was found dead under a tree where he had taken shelter. He had been struck by lightning and killed instantaneously. Inside one of his pockets were found the three coins fused together as firmly as if they were one piece of metal.

Coins found fused together in the pocket of a man killed by lightning.

A WEIRD POTATO.

This extraordinary potato was grown in the village of Herne, in Kent. Have you ever seen one of such a quaint shape? A curious fact about it is that it was the only tuber grown by the parent potato plant. The man who grew it was wise enough not to eat it. He first exhibited it at the Gardens' Society Show, where it took a first class certificate. He has now planted it in the ground, in the hope that it may produce some more equally fine potatoes. This ought to interest our vegetarian readers not a little.

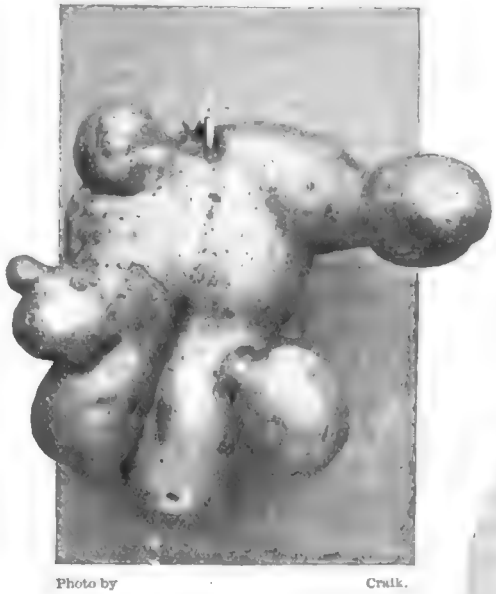
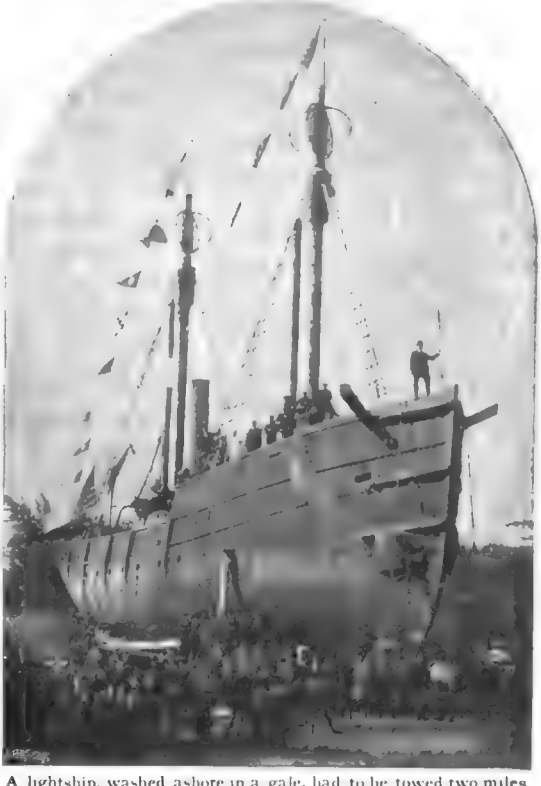


Photo by Crulk.

A potato of a shape not usually seen on the dinner table.

AN OVERLAND VOYAGE.

There was a tremendous storm off the mouth of the great Columbia river recently, and the lightship moored eight miles outside broke loose from her moorings and was washed ashore. Her cable was snapped by the fierce strength of the waves, and the vessel was cast high and dry on the sands near the mouth of the river. All attempts to haul her back again failed, and at length it was decided to take her overland across a big stretch of beach some two miles long. The heavy vessel was hauled across the land and finally launched in deep water. She was repaired—for naturally she had suffered considerably during the gale—and successfully towed to her former position.



A lightship, washed ashore in a gale, had to be towed two miles across country before she could again be launched.

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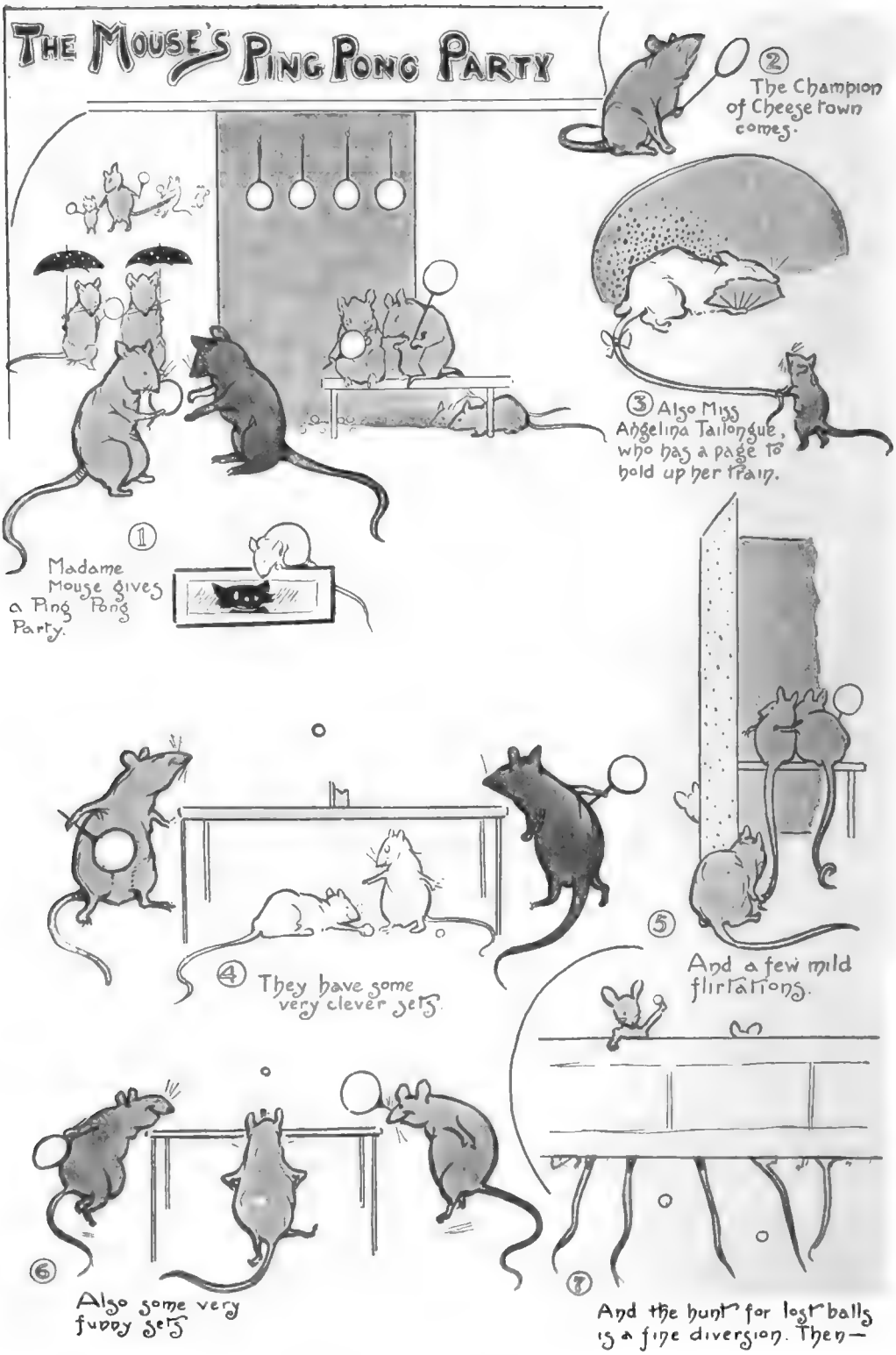
THE MOUSE'S PING PONG PARTY
1
Madame Mouse gives a Ping Pong Party.
2
The Champion of Cheesetown comes.
3
Also Miss Angelina Tailongue, who has a page to hold up her train.
4
They have some very clever sets.
5
And a few mild flirtations.
6
Also some very funny sets
7
And the hunt for lost balls is a fine diversion. Then—

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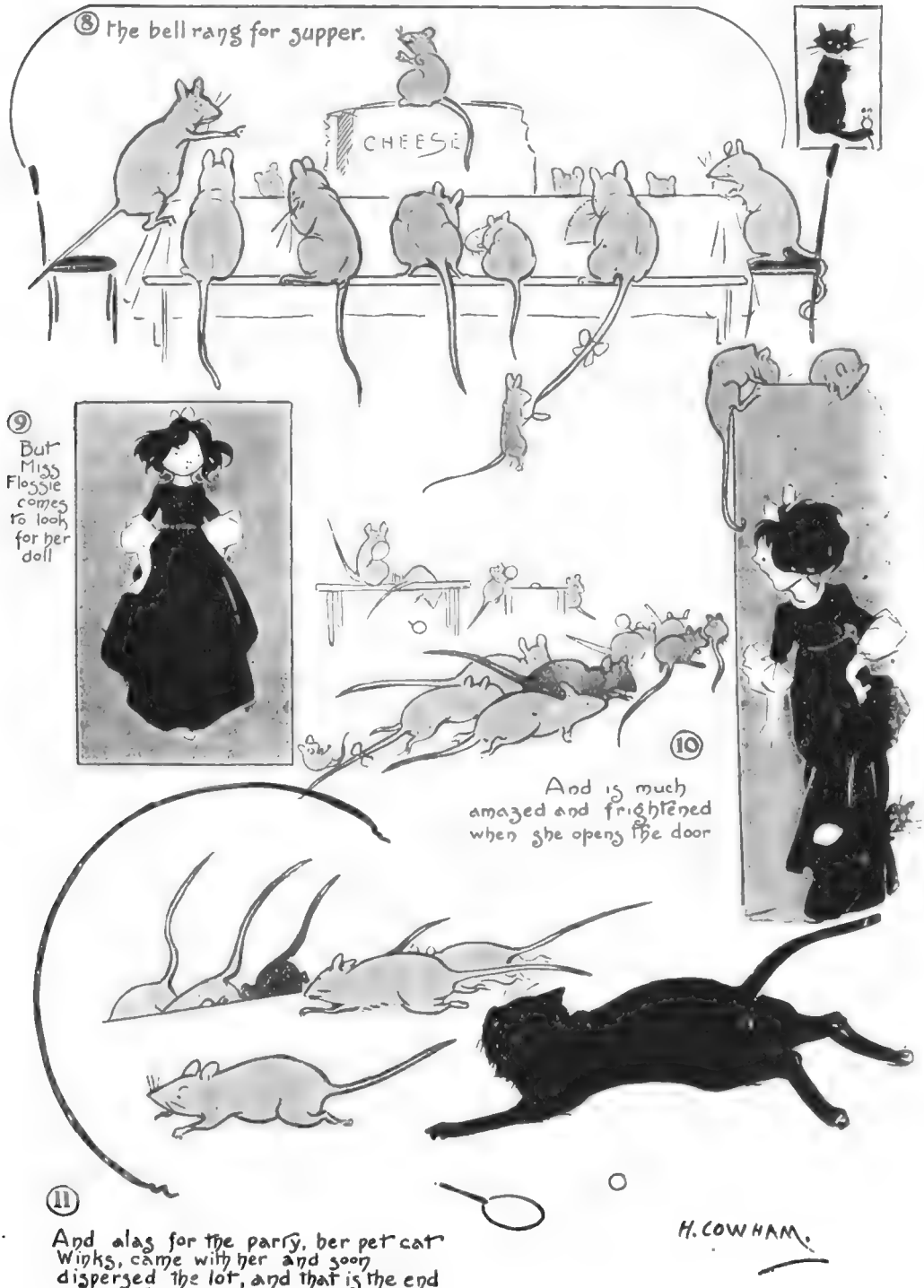
8 The bell rang for supper.
CHEESE
9 But Miss Flossie comes to look for her doll
10 And is much amazed and frightened when she opens the door
11 And alas for the party, her pet cat Winks, came with her and soon dispersed the lot, and that is the end of the tail-s.
H. COWHAM.

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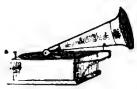

HEPNER'S UNDISPUTED WILL.

A Quaint American Tale.

By Elliott Flower.

Old Hepner was an original fellow, with a well-developed sense of humour. He seldom did anything as another would do it, but his method usually was effective, and it was more than an even chance that a discerning man would find a choice bit of humour concealed somewhere in his every action.

Hepner could appreciate a joke all by himself. The average man wants companionship in his humour, but Hepner needed none.

The corners of his mouth would begin to twitch, his eyes would twinkle merrily, and he would fairly shake with suppressed merriment, but when asked what amused him he would give the unsatisfactory reply:

"Oh, I was just thinking."

It was fortunate for Hepner that he was thus constituted, for humour is essential to a proper enjoyment of life, and in his case there was little that was conducive to laughter in his immediate surroundings. He had accumulated money by hard work and economy, and he was decidedly averse to having it dissipated by lavish and unnecessary expenditure. Herein he differed from his second wife and his children.

His first wife, who had shared in his early hardships and struggles, had been careful and saving, but his second wife regarded a wealthy husband as little else than a banker who should honour all drafts up to the limit of his resources.

But old men with young wives sometimes look at these things differently, and Hepner, with his usual forethought, would not let present pleasure blind him to future needs.

He thought of his grandchildren, while his children thought of themselves. The latter joined with the stepmother in her efforts to make inroads on the fortune. They had not appreciated his early struggles, and their social and other ambitions were of the expensive kind. They were in need of money all the time.

"But wait till he dies," said the neighbours, to whom the facts were well known. "He can't take his money with him, and there will be great doings then."

"He'll tie it up in his will," a thoughtful one suggested.

"The will never was made that can't be broken when all the principal heirs are bent on it," was the confident reply.

As a matter of fact, this was the very thing that worried Hepner. The grandchildren almost invariably have an important place in the plans of old people, and Hepner was no exception to this rule. He wished to protect their interests, but how could he do it? He had, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of the ease with which wills could be broken, and he was fearful of what would happen when he had passed away.

It was when he finally answered this question to his satisfaction that he gave his most extraordinary exhibition of suppressed mirth. In fact he seemed in danger of an apoplectic stroke for a few minutes.

"What's the matter?" demanded his wife.

"I was just thinking," he replied.

"Of what?" she asked.

"Of my will," he answered.

"Is it so funny?" she inquired, puzzled.

"It is," he said.

His lawyer laughed, too, when he heard the plan, and thereafter old Hepner chuckled more than ever. And always when his wife or his children asked the occasion for his merriment he answered: "I was thinking of my will." Naturally they marvelled much at this, and one day his daughter remarked that she could see nothing so excruciatingly funny in a will.

"Wait till you see this one," he replied. At another time, when his son happened to be in the house, he solemnly informed him that nothing short of cremation would prevent him from laughing aloud in his grave when the will was opened.

"Then you shall be cremated," said the son.

"As you will," replied old Hepner. "My spirit will still laugh."

This humour disturbed the wife and children mightily, for they could make nothing of it, and it continued fitfully up to the time of the old man's death. He passed away peacefully and seemingly content, a peculiar, quizzical smile haunting the face at the last.

* * * * *

His will, it was discovered, was in the possession of his lawyer, and it was with anxious

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curiosity that the widow, the son, and the daughter assembled in the lawyer's office after the final obsequies to learn what fate had in store for them. The lawyer smiled grimly as he produced a little box and a brief legal document.

"Mr. Hepner," he said, "chose a strange method of making his last will and testament, for there are, in fact, two of them, each decidedly original in form and contents."

"In any event," said the widow, decisively, "I get a life interest. Whatever may be done with the other property, I cannot be deprived of that."

The lawyer bowed and smiled again.

"He gave due thought to that," he said; "but he was hopeful that you would consent to waive those rights and inherit under the will he has left."

"I'll waive no rights," said the widow. "I've been cooped up in this town long enough, waiting to get what's due to me."

"Let's hear the will," said the son.

"The first," said the lawyer, picking up the document, "is a rather informal statement of his wishes. Stripped of the legal preliminaries, it is to the following effect:

"'It is my desire that my wife, Louise Watts Hepner, my son, Horace Hepner, and my daughter, Helen Hepner Hoskins, shall waive all rights conflicting with the purpose here set forth, and, by agreement, shall permit the estate to remain intact under the joint management of my attorney, Samuel Towner, and my former partner, John S. Fender, who shall give a sufficient bond for the proper execution of this trust; that the income of the estate, after deducting the necessary administration expenses, shall be divided equally among these three heirs, their heirs in case of death to receive their share, until my youngest grandchild shall reach the age of twenty-one years, when the estate shall be divided equally among all of my direct descendants then living, my widow, if still living, to receive an equal share with the others.

"'If one or more of my three heirs, enumerated above, refuses to agree to this, I desire that my phonograph shall be allowed to speak for itself, with megaphone attachment, in open court, and that the probate judge take such action in the case as may be legal and proper.'"

The three heirs all spoke at once and all used the same words when the lawyer had finished reading.

"I'll not agree," was what they said.

"Think of tying up my interest for nineteen or twenty years," added the son. "I want the ready money."

"So do I," said the daughter, "I've been planning a European trip for the last six years."

"And I must have my life interest," asserted the widow. "I'm going to New York to live."

"In that case," remarked the lawyer in the tone of one who had slight interest in the matter, "it will be necessary to present the phonograph will for probate."

"What is the phonograph will?" asked the widow.

"It is a will that he dictated to the phonograph in his own language," replied the lawyer. "I have the cylinder here, and, in case of disagreement, it will have to be used in accordance with the instructions he left. You see, he makes no definite provision for this substitution, so that if any attack is to be made it must be made on the phonograph will. The other practically passes out of existence the moment it is assailed."

"Well," said the widow with determination, "I won't accept that written thing, and if the phonograph will is no better I'll hire a lawyer and see if I can't break it."

"That's right," acquiesced the son, "I want my share of that estate without foolish restrictions."

"So do I," said the daughter.

Again the lawyer bowed.

"You will know better what you wish to do," he remarked, "after you have heard the phonograph will. Mr. Hepner was a very peculiar and original man with most extraordinary ideas, and he has prepared a will the like of which, I think, never was seen or heard before. It is so strange and unusual that, I confess, I am doubtful of its validity, but he seemed to care little for that so long as I could assure him that it would be heard in open court before any attachment could be made on it. I will now let Mr. Hepner himself acquaint you with its terms."

The widow shuddered a little at this, and the son and daughter looked ill at ease. There was something uncanny in hearing the voice of Hepner himself explain what he wished done with his property. However, they waited patiently and in silence while the lawyer adjusted the cylinder. Then, the voice they knew so well began this remarkable statement:—

"I, Sylvanus Hepner, being of sound mind, declare this to be my last will and testament, and I desire that the absence of legal

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verbiage and ordinary legal forms shall be overlooked, and it shall be interpreted and executed in accordance with the plain statement I now make:

"I have no confidence in the ability or inclination of my wife, Louise Watts Hepner, or my daughter, Helen Hepner Hoskins, to properly manage and conserve the estate—"

"The brute!" broke in the widow.

"—and for that reason I desire that it shall remain intact, if this be a possible thing. Appreciating, however, that when Louise Watts proposed to me—"

"I never did!" cried the widow indignantly.

"—she was principally attracted by the comfortable fortune I possessed—"

"A lie!" passionately exclaimed the widow.

"—I anticipate that she will demand her life interest. If she gain this much without restrictions it may prove an attraction to another man, and I am sufficiently well disposed towards men in general to wish to preserve each and all of them from this fate. I would not willingly put in any man's way the temptation that may result in binding him to an ill-kept house—"

"Oh, oh, oh! I'm a good housekeeper, and you know it!" cried the widow.

"—but it may be that I am powerless. In that case she must have her life interest, the men must run their chances, and may the Lord have mercy on them!"

"Shut it off! Shut it off!" cried the widow, as the phonograph made this cruel remark. This was done and she went on, angrily: "Oh, the treacherous man! The cruel thing! That will never shall be produced."

"You have nothing to say about it!" retorted the son. "Do you think I am going to let my money be tied up because some disagreeable things are said about you? That will must be produced in order to be broken so that we may all get what is coming to us. Let's hear the rest of it."

The lawyer moved the lever and the phonograph continued:

"In case my wife elects to take her life interest outright, and cannot be legally prevented from doing so, I desire that the rest of the estate shall remain intact, in accordance with the plan hereafter outlined. My daughter's share I would have preferred to leave direct to her, but I am averse to having it invested in yellow silk bonnets and green velvet gowns—"

"Horrible!" interjected the daughter.

"—and from what I know of her taste this is what would happen. I have had no confidence in her judgment since she selected a husband whose main ambition is to enjoy a pink satin existence on a calico salary, but perhaps I should not judge her harshly in this. One cannot always get just what one wants——"

"I refused six before I accepted John, and you know it," expostulated the daughter, addressing the phonograph.

"—and possibly she did as well as she could reasonably expect in view of all the circumstances.

"Stop it! stop it!" cried the daughter.

"Go on," said the son. "What does it matter, so long as we get what's due to us?"

"As for my scapegrace son," went on the phonograph, at which the son winced a little, "it is better that the property should be held in trust than that he should fly to Paris with it. I know too well what would happen. He spent two months in New York shortly before his marriage——"

"Hold on!" cried the son.

"—and heretofore I have been considerate enough to say nothing of what it cost to get him back without a scandal. A young man who thinks a slight knowledge of a stock farm equips him to operate in stocks——"

"Stop him!" commanded the son.

"—and whose only ability so far has been displayed in the direction of investments in coloured shirts and patent leather shoes is not one to be intrusted with the management of any part of an estate."

"I don't want to manage the old estate!" roared the son, so angrily that the lawyer stopped the phonograph.

"As I have said," went on the lawyer, "I have no doubt that you can break this will."

"But to be broken it will have to be produced," suggested the widow.

"It will have to speak for itself in court," said the lawyer.

"There is no way of avoiding it?"

"None, except by agreement in accordance with the terms of the statement I first read."

"And this cylinder?"

"Will be destroyed when the agreement is properly executed."

"I agree," said the widow, with a sigh.

"So do I!" said the son.

"And I!" said the daughter.

Then, suddenly they looked at each other, visibly startled, after which they all listened intently.

"It certainly sounded like a suppressed chuckle," said the son.

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"Shut it off! Shut it off!" cried the widow, as the phonograph made this cruel remark.

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CLUB JUGGLING

Young Ben Mowatt can juggle three clubs at the same time, two with his hands, one with his feet.

By Harold Shepstone.

Mr. Ben Mowatt and his son lay just claim to the unique distinction of being the champion Indian club jugglers. In their hands the wooden clubs seem to be human, describing curves, circles, and all sorts of combinations, finally returning to the hand of the sender. And juggling with Indian clubs is no child's play. To swing a pair of clubs in a gymnasium is all very well, but to juggle with them is another matter.

The performances of Ben Mowatt, jun., will undoubtedly attract the more attention. He is without doubt the champion juvenile club swinger in the world. He has been twisting and turning clubs for ten years past, or since he was a baby. What this boy is able to do with heavy clubs seems little short of miraculous.

Everywhere and always Mr. Mowatt has found his Indian club juggling performances very popular. This is because he always gives something good. He changes his work periodically and is always evolving new combinations. The clubs used by the two champions weigh about two and a half pounds. As they twist and twirl in the air they alternately shine like silver and gold as the light falls upon them. The reason for this is because the clubs are plated, one half to resemble silver and the other half gold.

Some idea of their numerous and difficult feats may be gathered from our photographs. A clever combination is that in which father and son, back to back, juggle with six clubs. Both hands of each party are engaged, and considerable practice is necessary to judge the exact height to which the clubs should be thrown.

More wonderful still is the "shower" of eight clubs. This is the greatest number of clubs that can be juggled at one time. Although the clubs cross and recross one another in making their evolutions, they never strike one against the other; indeed, if they did so, they would be thrown off their track with disastrous result so far as the general effect was concerned.

The clubs which young Mowatt handles for this feat weigh, like his father's, two and a half pounds. His muscles are like iron, and his quickness is something wonderful to watch. A still finer example of club dexterity is given by him with two clubs. They are given a swift twist from his elbows and let go into the air. They make a journey which lasts a little over a second and return to his hands. Both clubs fly out from the hands in curve and almost on parallel lines, only the right hand club goes a little farther out than the left hand one. Both go out butt end first. Then they hang in the air, the left

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Eight clubs are passed between the two jugglers, making all sorts of artistic curls and circles in their transit.

hand club delaying a little longer than the right hand one. The right hand one starts back on another curve, handle first. The left hand club no longer parallels it but crosses the path it has just taken.

The performer cannot tell you why the clubs make the particular journey they do. He only knows, through long practice, that by giving a certain twist to his hands and muscles he communicates a sense of direction to his clubs that makes them do marvellous things while in the air. If he were familiar with geometry and the laws of curves he could mathematically demonstrate the proposition; but geometry has little to do with the stage, or, for that matter, with the successful swinging of Indian clubs. The younger Mowatt relies wholly upon his muscles and steadiness of nerves, a large quantity of good health and plenty of patience.

A feat that never fails to win applause is the throwing of five clubs, each performer using one hand, and passing a handkerchief from foot to hand at the same time. Juggling clubs between the legs is also a part of the twirlers' programme. We reproduce a photograph showing the youthful champion holding, though only for an instant, a club between his legs and playing with two others.

Young Mowatt can handle five clubs alone at the same time. That this demands a great deal of skill, judgment, and precision everyone will admit.

On one occasion in Chicago young Mowatt sent a club up into the air nearly to the top of the flagstaff on the Masonic Temple. It turned over and over again in the sunshine, finally returning to the sender's hand. This club must have reached a height of nearly 300 feet, and is undoubtedly the highest point at which Indian clubs have ever been juggled. In his hands the clubs seem to be endowed with reason and intelligence.

Standing back to back, the Mowatts juggle with six clubs, passing them from one to the other over their heads.

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Mr. X has some Xcellent (pardon) puzzle penknives which he intends to give as prizes for a few months to any readers of THE ROYAL who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which can be inserted in this feature.

Mr. X admits that he worried some little time before he quite realised the simple principle of these knives—how to open and shut them—and he hopes that they will prove as tantalising to the readers who may be fortunate enough to win them.

(Letters must be addressed to Mr. "X.," care of "The Royal," 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.)

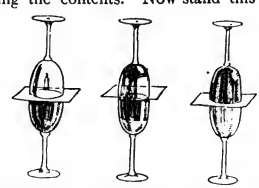
CAN YOU PROVE THAT A CAT HAS THREE TAILS?

This is very simple. One cat has got one tail more than no cat. But no cat has got two tails; therefore, one cat must have three tails!

MAGIC WATER.

Fill one wine-glass full to the brim with claret, and another of the *same size* with water. The trick is to change the contents of the two glasses from one to the other without using a third.

To do this: Place an ordinary visiting-card lightly over the top of the glass containing water, which can now be turned upside down without spilling the contents. Now stand this glass



upside down on the top of the glass containing the claret, and slide the card gently out until, for a space of about one-eighth of an inch, the claret and water touch.

The water will now slowly sink and the claret rise until their positions are reversed.

To insure the success of this trick the glasses must be exactly the same size, and there must be no air in either glass. The explanation, of course, is that claret is lighter than water.

MORE CATCHES.

A Problem for the Donkey.

A. (to B.): "There was a donkey in a field by the side of which was a tree. In the first fork, twelve feet from the ground, a wicked boy had balanced a juicy carrot. The donkey, standing on its hind legs, could only reach up eight feet. How did it get the carrot?"

B. makes various suggestions, all of course incorrect, and at length A. says:

"Well, then, do you give it up?"

B. reluctantly replies: "Yes."

And A. says: "And so did the other donkey."

A Story of the Sea.

A. tells B. the following story with many picturesque details:

"There was once a captain starting on a voyage, and his wife, when bidding him good-bye, dropped a valuable ring into the water. Some days after they sailed, the captain was presented with some fine fish which the sailors had caught."

A. brings the story to a fine pitch of excitement and finally says:

"When he inserted a knife into the fish what was the first thing he struck on?"

B.: "Oh, the ring."

A.: "No; a bone!"

Bootless.

This is a capital catch for a winter evening's amusement among a party of friends.

The one in the know offers to wager anyone, or all of the company, that they cannot

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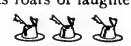
walk three times round a chair, saying at each round, "Boots, without spurs."

Of course, all are eager to try, feeling confident of success.

Each of the company goes round, saying, "Boots without spurs," in a different place or with a different emphasis.

Then he declares they have all failed, and himself goes round the chair, saying each time "Boots" only, which requires no explanation, and elicits roars of laughter.

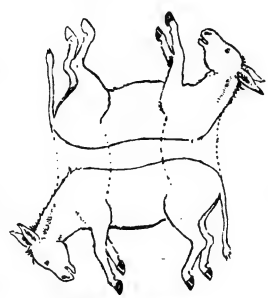


Kirkmichael

The title of this paragraph is exactly reproduced from a Scotch railway time-table, over which there was some discussion in a hotel a few days ago. A gentleman produced his time-table, and, pointing to the above word, said:

"Gentlemen, what is the smallest coin of our realm that will cover that word?"

The majority present were sure that a shilling was the smallest, and one even went the length of making a wager that a florin would be required. He lost, however, as a *threepenny-piece* covers the word!



TRICK DONKEYS.

Here are two apparently very dead donkeys. To bring them to life it is only necessary to fill in the dotted lines and then turn the page half way round.

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION.

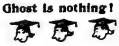
A traveller, passing through a village, inquired the way to the town to which he wanted to go. He was told to walk straight on until he came to four cross roads, where he would find a sign-post, by which he would be able to find his way.

When he reached the cross roads he found that the sign-post had been blown down and was some distance from its proper position. Without the sign-post he was helpless. How could he find his way?

TO PROVE THAT A LIE IS NOTHING.

What a terrible thing to attempt! But it is so easy.

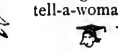
A Lie is a Story.
A Story is a Tale.
A Tail is a Brush (of a fox).
A Brush is a Broom.
A Brougham is a Carriage.
A Carriage is a Trap.
A Trap is a Gin.
Gin is a Spirit.
A Spirit is a Ghost.
And a Ghost is nothing!



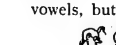
BEST OF ALL.

FRIEND: "What are the three chief methods of quick transmission of news?"

MUCH MARRIED MAN: "Telegram, telephone, or tell-a-woman."



Facetious shares with *Abstemious* the honour of containing the five vowels A E I O U in their alphabetical order. *Farinaceous* contains all the vowels, but not in order.



TOO BAD!

BILL: "What would you do if you wanted a muzzle for your dog?"

JONES: "Why, I'd go to a shop and buy it, of course."

BILL: "Well, when you had got the muzzle you would want it put on the dog by somebody, wouldn't you?"

JONES: "Yes."

BILL: "Well, supposing the shopman was a surly brute and wouldn't put it on, and there was no one else in the shop, what would you do?"

JONES: "I'd put it on myself."

BILL: "Would you really? Why, then you would want another for the dog."

NOTES ABOUT PUZZLES IN PREVIOUS ISSUES OF "THE ROYAL."

LETTER JUGGLING (*page* 208).

The five letters A E L S T make the following words:—Tales, Teals, Steal, Stale, Slate, Stela, Least, Leats, Taels. In this list such words as Stael (a proper name), laste (archaic), etc., are not included

The six letters E L R S T U make nine words as follows:—Ulster, Lustre, Luster, Luters, Result, Rustle, Sutler, Lurest, Rulest.

Here are some good examples of long words which can be transposed:

Emigrational—Ameliorating.
Trepidation—Partitioned.
Coagulates—Catalogues.

FIVE CHAINS (*page* 390).

Three breaks and three welds only are needed if the three links of one piece of chain are broken thus:

These three links are then separated and are used to link together the remaining four portions.

A PROBLEM IN SUBTRACTION (*page* 390).

Freight.

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£5 a Week for Life!

AND

£1,000 IN CASH.

THE MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD.

SINCE the publication of the last number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE the Picture Competition, in which the above Prize of £5 a Week is offered, has made a big splash all over the country. Tens of thousands of brains are busy at the pleasant and profitable employment of discovering the names of the railway stations depicted in the pictures.

All the names of the railway stations are to be found in the Index to Bradshaw's Guide. If you are unable to obtain a copy, you should send three penny stamps to us, and a reprint of the Index to Railway Stations will be forwarded to you.

The Prize of **£5 a Week for Life** will be paid to the person who, under the conditions printed in PEARSON'S WEEKLY, discovers the greatest number of correct names to the pictures.

Amongst those who come next to the person securing the £5 a Week for Life will be divided in consolation gifts the sum of **£1,000.** This will be divided up in the following manner:—One gift of £100, two gifts of £50 each, four gifts of £25 each, fifty gifts of £10 each, and forty gifts of £5 each.

The Prize of **£5 a Week for Life** *will not be divided,* it will be paid to one person only—perhaps *you.*

All those readers of the ROYAL MAGAZINE who entered for the 5s. a Day for Life Competition have become expert at the task of deciphering picture puzzles, and they may therefore count themselves as having every opportunity of securing the £5 a Week for Life, the conditions of which are almost the same as those in the ROYAL MAGAZINE Competition.

If you sit down quietly for a few minutes and think out carefully what you can do with £5 a Week for Life, the tremendous size of this prize will make itself obvious to you. For example: £5 a Week for Life means, unless you are extravagant, absolute freedom from money troubles as long as you live; it is an insurance against depression and mental worry; it will enable you to dispense charity with a liberal hand; it will buy you a bigger house, and enable you to live in better style; it will cover the cost of taking a cottage in the country, and living there in comfort for the rest of your days; it will pay the expenses of months of foreign travel; it will buy anything you can possibly want, from a piano to a motor-car. If you want to set up in business you would soon have enough capital by saving the £5 every week for a time; in six months you would have £130; in twelve months you would have £260; in two years you would have £520. In fact, there is no limit to the things you can do with £5 a Week for Life.

If you decide to try your fortune at securing this huge prize, get at once a copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, in which you will find a set of pictures. If you are unable to obtain a copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, drop a post-card to PEARSON'S, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., asking for an entry sheet, which will enable you to start at once.

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FORCE OF HABIT.

"Dear Miss Sweetness," wrote the young editor, "I find it impossible to tell you by word of mouth what I have been longing for some months to say. My palsied tongue refuses to do the bidding of my will when I am in your presence. I am under the necessity, therefore, of writing to you to tell you how inexpressibly dear to me you have become, and to ask if you will consent to become my wife. In replying, please be brief, omit the discussion of unimportant topics, and write only on one side of the sheet."

* * * * *

ARM'S LENGTH.

He: "That's a pretty belt."
She: "But it's too long."
He: "Indeed! It doesn't look so."
She: "Well, it's as long as your arm."

* * *

JANE: "We offered Reggie a thinking part in our amateur theatricals, but he refused."

MARTHA: "Of course. Why didn't you offer him something easier?"

* * * * *

"Is it love?" asked the doubter, "I rave about her hair, her eyes; I seek her out on all occasions; I am content to hold her hand for hours at a time; I find a heretofore unknown rapture in her smiles and kisses; but is it really love?"

"I should judge," replied his prosaic friend, "that it ought to be."

"Ah, but is it?"

"Well, I can tell you how to find out."

"How?"

"Marry her."

CURED!

"They tell me you have cured yourself of chronic insomnia."

"Yes. I'm completely cured."

"It must be a great relief."

"Relief! I should say it was. Why, I lie awake half the night thinking of how I used to suffer from it."

* * * * *

THE MODERN SERVANT.

"When that young man comes, Bridget, show him into the parlour."

"My young man or yours, mum?"

* * * * *

A GOOD THING.

"Cinquefoil is considered a very good talker, isn't he?"
"So people say. I have only heard him speak once myself."
"And how did he impress you?"
"Why, when he first got up he remarked that he had nothing to say and he said it for just forty-five minutes!"

* * *

MEDICAL CONFIDENCES.

"I believe," said the young doctor, "that bad cooks supply us with half our patients."

"That's right," rejoined the old doctor. "And good cooks supply us with the other half."

* * * * *

"Captain," said the cabin-boy, "is a thing lost when you know where it is?"
"No, you fool!" answered the captain, who, being a wise man, abhorred frivolous questions.
"Well, sir, your silver teapot is at the bottom of the sea."
Exit cabin boy.

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"I SAW YOU KISSED."

I saw you kissed! Nay, do not try
To deftly prove an alibi.
'Twas last night at the Vincents' dance;
You must explain the circumstance.
Can you such conduct justify?

What! You the episode deny?
Come, sweetheart, look me in the eye;
Pardon my seeming arrogance.
I *saw* you kissed!

Tears? 'Twas a jest! There, please don't cry!
The chap you kissed, of course, was I!
As our lips met, an upward glance
Fell on a mirror, where by chance
We stood revealed. Now you know why
I saw you kissed.

* * *

UNREASONABLE.

"My wife was in a fit because I came home late last night."

"Mine was in a fit because I came home early this morning."

* * *

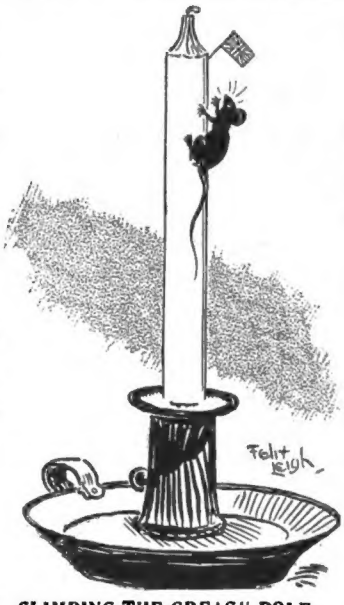
"Did Biggs have any luck hunting lions in Africa?"

"Yes—great luck."

"How?"

"Didn't meet any lions."

* * * *



CLIMBING THE GREASY POLE.

"I shall do it this time. These modern composite poles aren't nearly as slippery as the old-fashioned tallow kind used to be."

HEARD OUTSIDE VICTORIA STATION.

POLITE STRANGER (who in his hurry to catch a train has trodden on a deaf old gentleman's toe): "I beg your pardon."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "What?"

P. S.: "I beg your pardon!"

O. G.: "What for?"

P. S.: "I trod on your toe!"

O. G.: "Eh?"

P. S. (louder): "I trod on your toe!"

O. G.: "What the deuce did you do that for?"

P. S.: "It was an accident!"

O. G.: "A what?"

P. S.: "An accident!"

O. G.: "Where? where? I hope nobody's hurt!"

Polite Stranger rushes off and misses his train.

* * * *

Father (11.50 p.m.): "Who was here to-night?"

Daughter: "William."

Father: "Did you turn out the gas when he left?"

Daughter: "No, papa. He turned it out when he first came."

* * * *

EVERYBODY AT HOME.

The Cat: "Gee whizz! I thought the people were all out of town on their holidays!"

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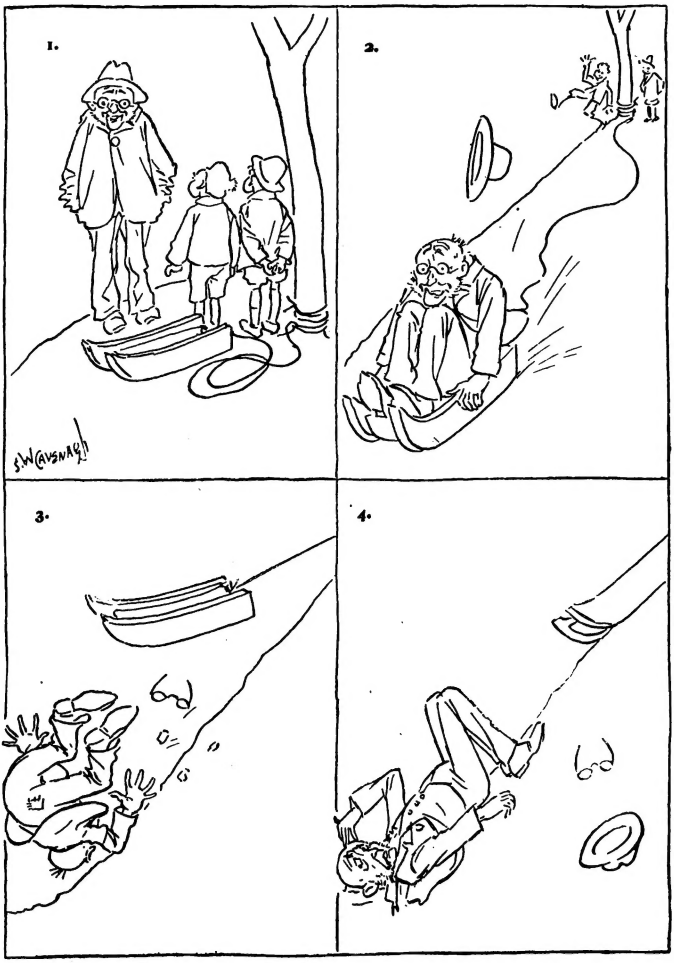
GRANDPAPA'S TREAT.



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Success at Last.

Inker: "I had a contribution accepted yesterday."

Scribbler: "Indeed! Where?"

Inker: "At church."

* * * *

Mrs. Brown: "My husband tore the last page out of the book I was reading. But I'll pay him back in his own coin."

Mrs. Cobwigger: "But how, my dear?"

Mrs. Brown: "He'll never hear the end of it!"

* * * * *

Hints to Budding Authors.

Learn to write one hundred words a minute on a typewriter. Then work eight hours a day.

Get your name in the papers by doing anything to accomplish your purpose.

Invent some weird titles. Then write some books to fit.

Go to war.

Learn the gentle art of talking about yourself.

Rewrite an ancient plot.

If your first book doesn't sell more than a million copies, don't be discouraged. Try again.

Read as many other successful books as you can. Then write something as near like them as possible.

Marry a publisher's daughter.

Join an author's club. By lending enough cash among the members you may get a plot.

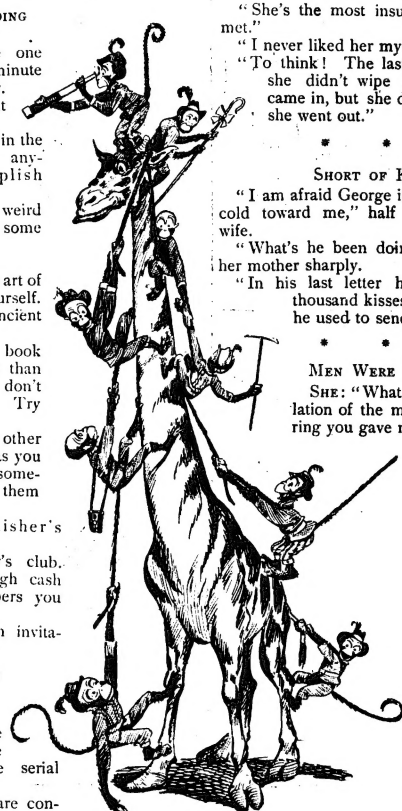
Never refuse an invitation to dinner.

* * *

Unnaturalised Humour.

"Give us the answer. Why are snakes' tails like serial stories?"

"Because they are continued in their necks."



The Alpine climbing habit reaches the desert.

He'd Forgotten.

"Must we go!" exclaimed her husband. "Must we go! Why, it is only the other day you called me an old fogey; said I never took you anywhere. Said you'd like to make just such a trip as this. And now you are backing out. What do you mean, anyway?"

Tears came into Mrs. Dimpleton's eyes.

"The other day," she exclaimed, "you didn't want me to go."

* * * *

Atrocious Insult.

"She's the most insulting woman I ever met."

"I never liked her myself."

"To think! The last time she visited us she didn't wipe her feet when she came in, but she did wipe them when she went out."

* * * *

Short of Kisses.

"I am afraid George is beginning to grow cold toward me," half sobbed the young wife.

"What's he been doing now?" inquired her mother sharply.

"In his last letter he only sent me a thousand kisses, and always before he used to send ten million."

* * * *

Men Were Deceivers Ever.

She: "What is the correct translation of the motto on that lovely ring you gave me?"

He: "Faithful to the last."

She: "The last? How dreadful! And you've always told me before that I was the very first."

* * *

So Much Nicer!

"Mamma, when we get to heaven shall we have to go to Sunday school on Sunday?"

"Why, Willie, we shall want to then."

"But it would be so much nicer to want not to go and not to have to."

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